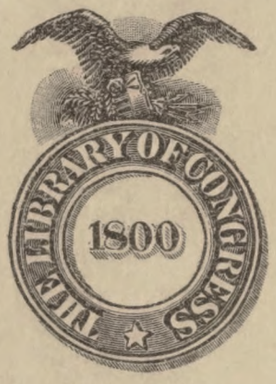
PHILIP AND PHILIPPA

JOHN OSBORNE AUSTIN



PHILIP AND PHILIPPA

A GENEALOGICAL ROMANCE

OF TO-DAY

BY

JOHN OSBORNE AUSTIN

AUTHOR OF

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PREFACE.

Is it true? Every real love romance *must* be true.

The same old story of love's young dream? Yes, prescient reader, the world never tires of it; and have *you* found anything better to dream of or work for? Where has your best happiness been found in all your eager strivings for some lasting content?

You look across the embers of your hearth, emblematic of passing years, (but not of your heart's steady glow) to the dear one sitting there.

As your eyes meet in answering love, one hardly needs to hear you answer—the best, the truest happiness, has been found with *my* Philippa.

To
Philips and Philippas
everywhere

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Philip and Philippa.

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND SON.

"Seek her out, Phil, when I am gone, and see that she needs for nothing. If it should prove that you need each other most of all, then the Faulconer branches shall unite again."

Thus my father had spoken, only a month before he died.

We had a singularly good understanding of each other, and it was never necessary to explain overmuch in our conversations.

He smiled sometimes at the quickness with which I read his thoughts, by the evening fireside. He would say, it was the mother in me, for she had always read him aright; and I would answer, that mother was ever in his thoughts then, making him an easy book to read by firelight.

Deep as my father's grief was at his loss, he did not cease speech of her any more than thought, and encouraged me to talk of the one we so loved; a being of light and cheer, a comfort and joy. Nine years had passed since my mother's death, and it was but too clear that my father was soon to join her.

Although the blow was a crushing one, from which I am convinced he never recovered,

yet he took up his new and unwontedly lonely life with a resolve to perform all its duties manfully, especially in a watchful care of my career, for I was but fifteen when my mother died. The knowledge gained at school and university made no more lasting impression on my mind, than what I gained from discussions with my father. He was a man with clear convictions, and could set them forth most convincingly, without a trace of arrogance. His conclusions seemed always so simple and natural that it was difficult not to accept them. He was accredited with much of that rare quality called common sense, yet his views were often very different from those generally held. He never could be suspected, however, of a weak desire to appear strange or singular. I recall one or two things which may serve as illustrations of his views.

Hearing of a young man's declaration that he had stifled his affection for a beautiful girl, on learning that she was a great heiress, my father dryly remarked—"He has put his own estimate on the value of his affection, which, if true, should have been her greatest good as well as his own. He can only give two poor reasons for his decision—one, fear that the world might deem him a despicable fortune hunter; the other, fear that his heart's choice might taunt him on difference in fortune. He has paid a poor compliment to the girl he thought he loved, and to the loyalty of those

he calls friends, in letting these abject fears prevail."

But my father was as severe upon the selfishness of those who would marry without proper provision in estate or occupation. I have heard him say that he had saved a thousand dollars, and was receiving that in salary, when he married, which he deemed enough to venture upon; the so-called sacrifice of some comforts for a few years, not being esteemed by either of them as too much for having each other. He disliked greatly, to hear the young, especially, place so high a regard on creature comforts and social position as to declare they could not afford to marry.

He had a very low opinion of social climbers, believing that people had better take that which naturally comes to them in society, as in other matters. He valued the association with bright men and women for their own sake simply—and believed that no forcing process should be used or tolerated. The inalienable right of every man to keep his own individuality was too apparent to need much comment from him. He was not particularly gregarious by nature, nor one that would be considered as a reformer, yet he hesitated not to place himself squarely on the side of several fundamental reforms; and he cared as little for ridicule as any man I ever saw. He once said that he knew of no better method for

sifting out false friends than the honest championship of an unpopular cause.

One of the earliest lessons that he taught me was to hold the honest course, without heed to gibes or cajolery.

Of temperance in use of liquor he deemed no special counsel necessary, but his ire was roused on hearing of a college mate of mine, who was plied with liquor for the heartless amusement of stronger-headed companions. "That passed thoughtlessness, Phil, it was mean and unmanly," he said, in fine contempt.

To betting and gaming he had a decided objection; and as I might need something in college to show my ability for a gritty "no," he bade me to be steadfast in that. Besides the unrest in the habit of taking chances, there was to his mind a large share of selfishness in being *willing* to take without an equivalent. He had won success in business by honorable dealing, and meant that I should pursue no other path with his approval. He had travelled widely and could see good things in other lands besides his own, feeling no need to bolster his patriotism by vainglorious talk of his country's deeds, or material growth.

He had well proved his love for his country by service in the Civil War, and he was as emphatic that the pension list should be a roll of honor, as he was that the civil service should be reformed and made honorable.

I would not be tedious on my father's excellencies, which were unobtrusive, and thus made their impress all the more strongly. His health the past year had been poor; but within a few days had taken so serious a turn that his end was apparently near. He knew it well and did not attempt to deceive himself or me as to his departure, but there were a few last things upon his mind that must be said.

In the conversation preceding that advice to seek out a cousin, far removed by space as well as lineage, he had been telling me how he first became interested in our family history.

"I had a natural satisfaction in knowing that our American branch from old Sir Philip Faulconer, could be traced clearly, and that the name had been honorably borne on this side of the water; but no special care whether the race had been kept alive in England. In the same year, however, that your mother died, I happened one day to take up an English paper, when my eye fell upon this notice:

'DIED, on the 1st inst., Sir Philip Faulconer, Kt., in his 46th year.'

Then followed an account of the funeral at the Lodge, the old mansion having been recently burned with nearly all its contents, including the ancient family portraits. Touching these last, however, the article stated that photographs had been preserved, fortunately, of all of them, even to little Philippa, aged five, sole representative of the race, her father

also having been an only child. The estate, it seems, was so badly encumbered that nothing remained for this little maid; and a great-aunt on her mother's side, would take her out to New Zealand.

In my own great grief at the loss of your mother, I could not help feeling some interest in reading this brief story, from its coincidences if no more.

Sir Philip had died in the same year as my wife, he was an only child and had but one, which was my own case exactly; and if his line of ancestors was preserved by photographs, I was fortunate in possessing likenesses in miniature of my line, unbroken, through ten generations, to the same Sir Philip whence he sprang. These facts seemed to make your faraway little cousin of nearer kinship than eighth degree, and I determined to write and assure myself that she was well cared for. I found this to be the case and that she would undoubtedly be comfortably brought up in her distant abode, though in homely rather than luxurious fashion, her mother's aunt having but a small estate.

The child's mother had died the year before Sir Philip's decease. I received copies of the old portraits, and also secured a very good photograph of the Elizabethan house that our common ancestor built in 1600, and which I learned had been little changed by successive generations. By aid of plans made by an

English architect, I have been able to reproduce the old house very nearly, and so our Faulconridge, built in 1880, takes the place of the ancient one of 1600, and the photographs in our hall must answer for the old portraits that were burned. I have been over the sea once since your mother died, as you know, and visited the site of the old house, which is not so different from our own situation here in nearness to the ocean and general aspect of country, though we lack the ancient ivied church. The Lodge, with an acre about it, I bought, and fitted up, placing an old servant of the family in it as tenant for the present. It is a comfortable habitation, prettily situated, well sheltered, and rose-embowered; and I had hoped to pass some pleasant weeks there this summer with you, if my health allowed. When the little maid grows old enough, Phil, give her this place and something to support it, with my love. She will take both from me; though neither from you, perhaps, if offered.

I found some solace in my grief at your mother's loss, while working out plans that I knew she would have delighted to help me in, and you, my boy, must not mourn too hardly for your father, but have a hearty interest to engage you."

And now a month had passed, and he was indeed gone forever. He had done what he could to make the parting easier, but it was

hard enough. I knew just what he meant by those words about my cousin. They were intended in the first place to give me an interest worth following up, viz., the welfare of my young cousin Philippa; and this he hoped would temper my grief at his loss. In the second place, while he would not, if he could, constrain my love, yet he knew I was fancy free; why not therefore this little cousin, as well as another, if our hearts inclined? It was like all his propositions—clearly put, for if our hearts did so incline there was certainly great fitness otherwise, and this fitness should not prejudice us to any war against natural inclination. It was true my inclining might be met by her declining, but that is a risk the sex must always take; and less than a year after my father's death I started forth with a copy of Philippa's five-year-old portrait for present reminder of my quest.

For my readers assistance I will here submit a chart, that they may the more clearly follow paths, hitherto widely divergent, but which I was rash enough to hope might yet have a happy converging.

SIR PHILIP FAULCONER 1, Knight.

1560-1645

OF FAULCONRIDGE—SUSSEX.

Richard 2 1600-1690	Twin brothers	Sir Philip 2 1600-1680
Philip 3 1625-1700	1st. cousins	Sir Philip 3 1635-1706
Richard 4 1652-1729	2nd. "	Sir Philip 4 1660-1735
Godfrey 5 1682-1761	3rd. "	Sir Philip 5 1687-1765
Philip 6 1710-1800	4th. "	Sir Philip 6 1718-1797
Symon 7 1736-1808	5th. "	Sir Philip 7 1745-1799
Philip 8 1775-1848	6th. "	Sir Philip 8 1782-1863
Philip 9 1815-1886	7th. "	Sir Philip 9 1832-1877
Philip 10 1862	8th. "	Philippa 10 1872

NOTE.—Richard 2, (1600-1690) embarked for New England in 1645, upon the death of his father, bringing with him a small estate and three miniatures (painted just prior to leaving) of his father, himself and his son. He named his new abode Faulconridge, in memory of the home of his youth.

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD THE "SERVIA."

The Cunard steamship "Servia" was advertised to leave her pier in New York at nine A. M., but it was soon after eight when I stepped on to the gang-plank, carrying my traveling bag, overcoat and umbrella, sole impedimenta; for the lesson of curtailing to essentials only, had been learned in earlier journeys, though I had never crossed the ocean.

There was the usual bustle of the last hour before a great steamer's departure, not only the stowing of cargo, baggage and mail; but oft-repeated messages, final good-byes, both laughing and tearful, and a buzzing of questions into the ears of the generally patient stewards. There were many little side-plays, glimpses into other lives, that were unavoidable, sometimes ludicrous, often pathetic; which passed before me, as I stood somewhat listlessly, with a new loneliness creeping over me. I began to realize how small my own world really was in close friends, for hitherto I had not seemed to need many, in such a companionship as my father's and mine had been. Those I had were tried and true, but none could be present, and not a familiar face did I see. I solaced myself with the thought that I had all the more freedom to study my

fellow men and women as they passed, or lingered near, in doleful or joyful converse.

I had been for sometime assorting my fellow passengers by grouping them into typical sets in advance, with a determination to ascertain later how nearly true my character reading might prove.

I was progressing pretty well, having decided which was the college professor, with a year's absence granted for the study of art in Greece; the retired merchant, whose wife and daughters had overcome his reluctance to journeying abroad, but who was still doubtful how he should manage conditions so different from his accustomed routine; the eager young school mistress, who had so long dreamed of this trip, and did not mean to miss anything in seeing and doing, that time and strength would allow; the banker, who had to cross every year to rest from the tension of his deals and syndicates; the society man who always went over for the London season, but would be back at Newport in August; the clergyman who would attend a convention and a congress, and wheel a little afterward; the brisk little old lady, who had crossed twenty times and knew every watering place in Europe; the man who was a buyer for a New York house; the man who hoped to be a seller, if he could float his scheme and stock successfully; the lady who was taking some younger ladies under her special care, for study and recreation;

the artist who was to seek out subjects for his sketch book; the author who would give his "impressions" or write his story, later;—but here my train of thought was broken by a pleasantly-modulated voice of inquiry.

"Pardon me, sir, but can you tell me where I can find the deck steward?" As I turned and assured her that this much sought after personage had just passed into the social room, I observed that my questioner was a middle aged lady, of pleasant and refined manners, and that she was accompanied by a younger one, stylishly but quietly dressed, who was decidedly pretty. As it happened that the steward had vanished again, I could do no less than attempt his capture and return, which I successfully accomplished, and was rewarded with grateful thanks for my chase, as a missing trunk was the anxiety on their minds. This was happily relieved by its tardy arrival just before the steamer sailed, the older lady explaining that it was the more important to them as they were depending on it for a long journey to Auckland, New Zealand.

This was interesting news to me, as it was my own destination, and on mentioning this with the names of persons who proved to be mutual friends, we were soon upon a very pleasant footing for the voyage.

Mrs. Mitchell's features showed strength of character as well as much kindliness; with a sense of humor that is always an encouraging

sign where some intimacy is probable. Her daughter Grace evidently inherited some of the same qualities, and although she looked forth serenely upon the world from her gray eyes, yet there was a merry sparkle, latent there, appreciative of situations about us. I explained that I had been engaged in the more or less laudable occupation of arranging my fellow voyagers typically, and gave the results so far as I had proceeded, for their agreement or dissent.

"It is too bad, mother, that we should have disturbed Mr. Faulconer at such an interesting stage of his progress," said Miss Mitchell, rather mischievously, I thought, though very demurely.

I assured them that it was a most happy interruption to my train of thought, allowing an introduction to friends of my friends; and added that I had already begun to tire of type-setting when their inquiry about the steward was made.

"Could you not enlarge your list so far as to locate us in some comfortable way?" asked Mrs. Mitchell; "provided you have not already disposed of us!"

"Your proposition is one fraught with much peril to me, Mrs. Mitchell," I answered, "and should be well considered, lest I lose the good opinion you have already expressed as to my insight, by making a most dismal failure. Your request however shall be a command.

Hear then the answer that shall make or mar me forever. I see a fond mother conveying a most estimable young lady to one who has also grown so fond that he counts the days anxiously till her arrival.

This is brief, but apparently to the point, for I hear no denial."

"A mind reader indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell; "unless you have heard very recently from mutual friends," she added shrewdly.

"How *did* you know?" said her daughter, with a little flush, in her pretty perplexity, that was very becoming.

"It was not by that exuberant manner which betrays the happiness of some" I said, "and certainly not by the flippant style of others who wish all to know that an engagement does not mean with them extinguishment. Your case seemed to me rather that of one so sure of happiness present and to come that you wanted to help others, in your own thankfulness. You see I gave you credit for a much broader horizon in your outlook than the ordinary engaged young woman is supposed to have."

"It is evident, mother, that we have with us a most discerning and discreet young man. You deserve that, Mr. Faulconer, for deciding beforehand that I was 'a most estimable young lady';" and she added, as I laughed outright, "I believe you called me that to draw me out! I forgive you, and, yes, I will help you if you

need it—and I am able—" she said merrily; but brightly as it was uttered, and little as I yet knew her, I believed she meant it. The fact was that we already believed in each other's essential sincerity, I think. There are some people, rarely enough met it is true, to whom one gives readily a good share of confidence, and I had this thought at once about Miss Mitchell. Many young girls have the power to charm, but in her case, I always felt as if the word *sterling* expressed one of her best qualities. We were now upon a comfortable and frank basis for our voyage, and watched the new arrivals as if we had been a family party.

"Miss Mitchell," I said presently, "there is now an opportunity for you to typify these last two arrivals. It is no more than fair, since I dared so much in accepting your mother's challenge."

"If I must then," she replied, "'twere well it were done quickly.' They are evidently strangers to each other, and represent the extremes that sometimes meet. Both are offensive types to me. The self-sufficient and assertive young man would have you know that he is as good as any one, if you meet his early and effusive advances rather coldly. Notwithstanding this assurance you may be excused if you think you have met a better. The lady, near him on the right, represents an all too common type in her sex. She is so

afraid of contact with any one outside her social plane, that she is in danger of forgetting some of the proper and customary responses to courtesy that would not really endanger her standing, which after all I fear she is not quite sure about. But see, we are moving, and here comes that always belated passenger, racing down the pier, yet alas, too late! Fateful words for him, and none to condole, for those gamins seem to enjoy his discomfiture hugely. What are the hours for meals, Mr. Faulconer? This first whiff from the ocean has made me hungry."

"That reminds me ladies," I answered, "that I must go below and secure our seats at table. I will bring you the desired information, Miss Mitchell, as to meals, and also some biscuits for present sustenance. You shall not starve while I survive."

That evening as we sat out on deck talking of the people and land we had left, and the countries we were soon to see, new to us all alike, it hardly seemed possible that we had come aboard as strangers but a few hours before. I could readily see that I had met with good fortune at the start in such travelling companions, whatever awaited me later in my quest. The days passed pleasantly, for we were favored with fair weather and were happy to find ourselves good sailors. Mrs. Mitchell's appetite and mine were almost as good as her daughter's; and all who have been

aboard ship know that eating and sleeping are among the most important events.

We had the ship literature, as well as our own books, to read and discuss, and the regular constitutional promenading of decks; with further resource for myself of the smoking room.

A death in the steerage and committing to the deep; services Sunday, read by the Captain; and an entertainment one evening, consisting of music, readings and recitations; made the not unusual breaks in an uneventful voyage.

As we drew near the end of this part of our journey, the conversation naturally turned upon plans for the immediate future; the disposal of a week that would elapse before proceeding to Brindisi to join the P. & O. steamer. Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter decided to give two days to London, and then see what they could of the Continent en route to Brindisi. I should be obliged to part with them at London for a time. We had gained a hearty liking for each other already. They had the charming and unaffected manners that come from native refinement and kindliness of heart; and contact with the world and society had not shaken the high standards and ideals of either of them. This was in refreshing contrast to a few of those at our table, whose main desire seemed to be to monopolise the conversation and any delicacies within reach; showing that sublime

disregard of the rights of others which always marks a small mind, whether the raiment be coarse or fine.

It was delightful to see Miss Mitchell's manifest pleasure at the first sight of land, the bold coast of green Erin; and to hear her joyful exclamations as we passed into that noble harbor of Queenstown, few finer any where.

The blarney and ready wit of the sons and daughters of the soil who favored us with an opportunity of purchasing shillalahs, peat ornaments, lace, etc., amused her vastly. "'Tis Irish eyes you have, darlint, indade it is,'" said one, and another old woman implored her never to forget "Kitty Donohue," as we steamed away from the flotilla of boats that had besieged us.

Miss Mitchell waved her hand to Kitty and her companion, in appreciation, as she said, of the compliment, and assurance of her everlasting regard.

"What blessings I have brought upon myself by my very modest expenditures," she added; "for undying friendships already are mine on this side of the ocean."

We reached Liverpool in such good time that I prevailed on Mrs. Mitchell to make a day's trip to Chester and Conway castle, before going through to London. The walls, cathedral, rows, and general quaintness of Chester charmed Miss Mitchell, and she was enthusi-

astic over Conway. "I do not wonder," she said, "that Hawthorne gives it the palm, for it is so beautiful as well as grand and imposing. I do wish the walls around Conway could have been as well preserved as the castle, and even yet I hope it is not too late to save them."

After a lunch at the quaint inn, not very far from the castle, we sped on to London. A night's rest at the Inns of Court Hotel put us in the humor for further sight-seeing, but I had to content myself for the present with a visit to Westminster Abbey and a stroll in Hyde Park and Kensington Garden; bidding goodbye to my friends very reluctantly, notwithstanding we were so soon to meet again.

I took my ticket for Eastbourne, and as London was gradually left behind, I pondered as to the vital hold that this great metropolis has upon all intelligent travellers of the English-speaking race. It is something more than the historic sites on every side, something that takes a personal hold upon the affections, but is not readily analyzed. A few have tried, and it is a proof of the many-sided claims the city presents, that it is explained from such different standpoints.

Certainly it seems like a "home from home," in spite of its vastness; and in this homelike quality unlike any other city in the world.

Doubtless part of the feeling is racial, for one cannot but remember that in these very

streets our ancestors walked, in that old Abbey they worshipped, and in what were then still country fields, they tilled. The feeling will not be stifled even when we remember also that some injustice was meted out to our forefathers, which induced their departure. We know it all, but we feel the spell. So much so that we smile leniently upon the present Londoner, who indulges the belief that his city is the world, or the best part of it. He is a kindly soul, if he is a little assured.

CHAPTER III.

HER FAULCONRIDGE.

Some inquiries were necessary at Eastbourne, as to my next movements, and I took pleasant lodgings, near the esplanade; finding time ere dusk for a walk to Beachy Head.

On the next day I determined to drive to my destination, though there were stations somewhat nearer Faulconridge than Eastbourne.

A few hours brought me to the little hamlet upon the outskirts of which lay my ancestral acres; or rather acre, and that one in trust for another.

If I were to say another who was already becoming a dear image to my heart, it might seem to some a little premature, but the reader may not be unaware that I had done a good deal of thinking on the voyage, and there was much near me now to stir my imagination if not my heart.

I dismissed the driver at the village inn and left my bag there to follow me, after getting directions as to the path I should take for the Lodge.

Hawthorne hedges were still in bloom, though it was their last blossoming of pink and white, scarlet poppies nodded a welcome

to me from the fields, and the little English daisies slyly winked as if they understood my coming perfectly. A sky lark dropped out of space, with something in his sweet note that I chose to construe as approval of me and my errand. He could not have so heralded it if unwise or ill-considered.

It would have been a stolid man, indeed, who could have thus neared the home of his ancestors, without a thrill of joy, intensified as the house itself finally came in view, with its old gray tower a prominent feature.

Here I found Mrs. Brown, installed as my father had told, a shrewd but kindly soul evidently, of some seventy years as I learned later, but not looking her age.

She welcomed me heartily on learning my name, but grieved much at my father's death. "There are scarce any left now of the name," she said, "only you and the poor little lady so far away; and it is a long time since I have had news of her, almost three years." I asked where she then was and in whose care, and learned that her great aunt had died about three years before; confiding Philippa to the care of a Mrs. Graham in Auckland, a worthy woman but not related to the Faulconers. "I served the family more than thirty years," said Mrs. Brown, "until old Sir Philip died, grandfather of Philippa, and then all of us had to go except a maid or two, for the estate had been heavily mort-

gaged to pay debts brought upon him in trying to help others. He got small thanks from them, poor man, and left little to his son except a legacy of ruin, as he truly said. The last Sir Philip I knew little of, for I left this part of Sussex on the death of his father, and only returned when your father found me and placed me as tenant on this remnant which he bought out of the wreck of a fine old estate. I wish you could have seen it, Mr. Faulconer, as I remember it, fifty years ago, when the old knight kept open house, with plenty for all. I do not like to think of the sadder times toward the last of my service. They tried to keep it up bravely for a time, not caring for display, but hoping to pay their debts and save the old house and some of the great trees that the old knight loved so dearly, The debts were paid, but nothing was then left, and even the old mansion would have gone to strangers if it had not burned. Perhaps it was as well it did, if the Faulconers could not have it. I would like to show you where it stood, sir, and some of the fine old trees still left." Readily assenting, we walked over a good part of the estate, visiting the site of the mansion, the now overgrown park and some fine woodland, through which the line of the old avenue could still be traced. There was no better vantage ground, however, for a view of the ancient domain, than from the Lodge. This Mrs. Brown told me

had been built on to what remained of an ancient tower that was the residence of the family generations before the mansion house was built, in the days when the Faulconers flew their own faulcons. I was glad for this bit of family history, and as I looked out from my window in the same old tower that evening, I felt quite like a feudal proprietor, for if only an acre remained, my gaze could still follow the wider area once owned. Would Philippa sometime look out from this same window in happy possession, and should I be the still happier possessor of my cousin? It was a thought pleasant to dream on, at least.

The first thing that my eyes rested upon in the morning, was a little robin-red-breast on the window ledge, his bright eyes fixed on me, while he pecked at imaginary crumbs so suggestively, that I could not resist taking the hint. Arising as quietly as possible and placing some pieces of biscuit within his reach, I had my little visitor as a neighbourly companion for quite a period, ere I finally rose again to dress. Every morning during my stay he favored me with a call at about the same hour, and we grew so friendly that finally he would take the crumbs from my hand very courageously, though the little fellow was hardly half as large as the robins I had known in America. Perhaps Philippa might yet feed him from this same window. Would that it might be she and I!

My father was right in saying that the general aspect of the country resembled the region about our own Faulconridge. The likeness was striking, even to the swale of the land looking seaward. I soon knew every path, lane, and stile within a wide circuit of the Lodge, and in the evening would exchange the account of my rambles over the country-side, for Mrs. Brown's old stories of the family, which apparently were inexhaustible. She was very confident that Philippa must have grown to the exact image of her grandmother, a beautiful woman, as a youthful picture of her showed, that Mrs. Brown considered the treasure of the house.

She was so sure of this likeness between Philippa, and her old mistress at sixteen, that I had the portrait photographed as a possible means of identification in the search for my cousin, should I not find her as readily as I hoped. Mrs. Brown was greatly interested to learn that I had been entrusted with some business, by my father, touching Philippa's welfare; and I think was already planning a possible future for us not too far apart.

It was amusing to observe how completely she dropped out the many degrees of our cousinship, really so distant, and her habit of considering us as actually cousins, in the ordinary sense, was one that I soon fell into.

I found my father's hand all through the house, for he had not only secured copies of

the ancient portraits, but recovered several articles of furniture that had belonged to the mansion, but which had become scattered after their rescue from the flames.

The days sped so fast that my week was nearly gone before I realized, and I should have been glad to lengthen it to several, if my plans for my cousin had not taken the first place in my mind.

Mrs. Brown had been doing some hard thinking for a day or two, it was evident, and the result now appeared in a letter which she had laboriously prepared, and desired me to give to Philippa, as soon as I met her. She wished me to read it now, so that I might assure her that the message she sent was clearly put. It was quite brief

"DEAR MISS FAULCONER,

Or I hope I may call you, dear Philippa, my child, for I am an old woman now, with no child of my own, though one in heaven who died at about your age. Perhaps that is one reason, dear, why my heart goes out to you across the great ocean that separates us.

I served your grandmother over thirty years, and she said a kind word to me just before she died that made me happy then and has often done so since. 'Trusty friend', was what she whispered. I am sure you look like the picture of her when she was a young girl, long before I knew her, of course. Your cousin has had the picture photographed,

and will have a copy with him to see whether I am right.

I wish you would come to old England where you were born, and live at this Lodge, where I could serve you for the rest of my days.

I believe you would be happy here, where your family dwelt hundreds of years ago, where your father and mother, and so many before them, lie buried.

Will you not come now, before you get rooted in that far off land, away from where your kindred lived and died? I do not write very easily, as I am not accustomed to it lately, though I often wrote letters for your grandmother long years ago.

Mr. Faulconer, your cousin, will give you this, and I have had him read it to be sure that it is plain enough for you to read and understand.

In deepest respect and love.

ELIZABETH BROWN."

The good woman handed me another letter which had been lately found in an old desk, and probably overlooked by my father, the drawer having been rather cunningly concealed. It was yellow with age, and was addressed to "Sir Philip Faulconer, Knight, Faulconridge, in Sussex, near Bournemouth. By hand of Captain Warner." It was dated November ye 9th, 1700.

Lo. Cozen:

This is to acquaint you of my father's death. He had much to say, at the last, of the old place in England, which you do so well maintain. He was a youth scarce twenty when he left Sussex, yet he fain would see again the house his grandfather did build. Another strange conceit (perchance from some lightness of the head in his fever) was that his grandson Godfrey, coming nineteen, might wed your daughter Philippa, near sixteen, methinks. I write this in no likelihood that your daughter and my son may ever marry, but to make true a promise that I gave my father to humour him therein.

In much grief, but all respect and love from me and mine to thee and thine, I rest for the present,

Richard Faulconer

The letter was endorsed in another hand:

"My daughter Philippa died early the next year, and hearing that Godfrey, her cozen, would come and try to win her love; she bade me tell him that however that might have turned for them, she sent him all the love a maid might give to a cousin unseen, save only what belonged to her family and her God."

Mrs. Brown's eyes moistened as I deciphered the old writing for her, and she looked at me for a moment a little pensively, as if weighing the possibility of my acting Godfrey's

part, with a happier conclusion. She said nothing, however, as hers was always that kind of discretion which comes from a proper sense of fitness and a good heart ; a combination I have often found lacking in persons of more pretension to breeding.

On this last evening of my stay, I sat by the window in the long twilight, musing over Godfrey's case, and mine, trusting that I might have a more fortunate journey ; and a shiver of apprehension stole over me for a moment, at the mere thought that it could be fruitless from the same cause.

That message was the last one which passed between the families until my father's day, the later American generations scarcely knowing of the existence of their English cousins.

The strangeness to me was in this repeating of history so nearly; and the thread of Philippa's and my fate, was inextricably interwoven with my grandfather Godfrey's and his Philippa's in my dreams that last night at Faulconridge.

I parted with Mrs. Brown the next day with sincere regret, for I had learned to like and respect her much. I assured her that the letter entrusted to my care should be duly delivered, and pleased her greatly by promising to write about my cousin ; whether she resembled her grandmother's picture, and as to her decision about returning.

This ancient abode of my ancestors had certainly cast a spell most strong over me, for I looked back with real longing at the Lodge and all its now familiar surroundings, as I passed around the last turn which afforded any view.

A few hours more and the channel had been crossed, and Brindisi was reached in due time ; where Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter greeted me like old friends, as I stepped on board the P. & O. steamer.

Their unaffected pleasure in seeing me again was very gratifying, with perhaps one selfish aspect; for I was beginning to feel that my plans for my cousin's return presented some possible difficulties, that my friends, especially Mrs. Mitchell, might help me measurably, in surmounting. As it would have been a pleasure to me to assist them in any way, I felt equally sure that they would give me their endorsement, from what they knew of and about me; and I might need some credentials or at least identification, when I presented my case to Philippa and her friends.

Miss Mitchell's account of what they had seen was graphic, and evidently they had used their time to excellent advantage. "Let me try to summarize it all briefly," she said.

"After leaving dear old London, where we saw, as you know, Westminster Abbey and Hyde Park, at least, and got the color or impression of much more; we first took Paris,

and don't laugh if I say we saw it in a day! I know all could not be seen there in a year, and perhaps not much of the pictures alone, in a fortnight. We were impressionists merely, however, and sought to get glimpses of many beautiful things in our short pilgrimage on the continent, rather than to see a few things thoroughly. With this confession I will proceed, and you shall follow me if you are able.

In Paris then, a drive on the Champs Élyseé and Bois du Boulogne, with the church of the Madeleine and Arch de Triomphe en route; changing at the Seine, near the Eiffel Tower, to a steamboat, and continuing to Notre Dame, and back to the Louvre.

In our hour or two at the latter place we confined ourselves to the pre-eminent works of art. I shall never forget the Murillos and the Venus of Milo.

Next, Nice and a drive over the wonderful Corniche Road to Mentone, visiting Monte Carlo's gilded salons that evening. How unalluring the glittering veneer over so much frivolity and heart-burning and vice; but how beautiful all was outside in the moonlight and how superb the situation! Milan Cathedral soon followed, enough itself with the grandeur and beauty that appeals to every one; but we were especially favored, for as we turned from the view on the roof of that forest of frosted spires and statuary all about us, away off on the horizon was Monte Rosa in its

mantle of everlasting snow, touched with a beautiful pink flush; a scene never to be forgotten. A sail on lovely Como, around Bellagio to Lecco, the amphitheatre at Verona, (our only good view of Roman remains, and a most satisfactory one it was) then last of all Venice, bride of the sea indeed!

Here I had to stop the use of all superlatives and look around me spell-bound. I do so wish you could have been with us, Mr. Faulconer, as the gondola shot into the darkness of that first canal and left bustle of trains and street noises behind us, forever, as it seemed. The moon shone forth again as we came into the Grand Canal, and we sailed by the old palaces under ideal conditions. That same night we took our first view of San Marco and the Campanile, and, I suppose I must allow it, of Florian's too, if you will excuse the sudden descent from my enthusiasm to prosaic ices!

Is it because last impressions are stongest, that Venice seems sometimes the best of all? But I will not attempt to compare, where everything was so lovely.

Does not all this sound dreadfully hurried and jumbled together in the telling? Yet after all I really believe we were right in seeing what we could *when* we could, in spite of the accusation that many will make, of ridiculous haste. It was for us to consider whether, in possibly our only opportunity,

we should see one thing thoroughly or get superficial pictures, if you please, of many things as charming as they were varied. I believe there was rest in these very changes, for neither of us is fatigued, and travel at night was always avoided.

I am sure we have preserved unconfused pictures, glimpses as I have called them, of wonderfully beautiful and interesting things, and I would not have missed one of them.

Think what a revelation it was to poor untravelled me, and mother has never been much farther from home. After all that we had done, we were charged by 'the young lady with the notebook,' as we used to call her on the steamer, and whom we met again at Venice; with not having half used our opportunities. She showed us what we had lost or neglected, and after that chiding we considered ourselves most deliberate travelers. It would bewilder you and make you fairly dizzy, as it did me, to hear her itinerary, even. I could think of nothing but lightning-change artists and quick lunch methods, as she concluded; and warned her that she was growing thin on such a regimen."

"Now Grace, if you have given full scope to your enthusiasm, which you know, dear, that I share, (though not so voluble as my daughter, nor blessed with such a command of language); let us hear how Mr. Faulconer has busied himself," said Mrs. Mitchell.

I described as well as I could the home of my ancestors, and impressions when dwelling in the old tower, from which Faulconers of old had flown their hawks.

They were much interested in the stories Mrs. Brown had told of the tower and its former occupants, and I took this time to inform them more particularly of my father's desire as to my cousin, and my plans for carrying out his wishes. They had already given me a clear idea of what their movements would be on arrival at Auckland.

Mr. Clearfield was to meet them on the steamer's arrival, and they would go to his large farm after a quiet marriage ceremony in Auckland. He had other interests beside this farm property, having formerly been engaged in the gold mines; but the farm life was most congenial to him, and as his neighbours were large proprietors like himself, they formed quite a community of gentleman farmers in a district famed for its natural scenery, as well as abounding in good grazing and tillage.

CHAPTER IV.

SMOKING-ROOM PHILOSOPHY.

If the voyage was a long one, there was certainly nothing irksome in it to me, with such pleasant company; but steamer life is the same everywhere, and I will avoid details of our routine; nor will I attempt description of the ports where we briefly called.

I must, however, make some passing reference to the smoking-room philosopher, or to his sententious sayings, which soon became quoted throughout the ship. He generally wound up, in a few words, the many and extended arguments that were indulged in upon every conceivable topic by the *habituès* of the smoking room. He was a good observer, and had been a great traveller, so that his opinion was sought on contested points where his knowledge could be used.

The ladies were so interested in rumours of wonderful oratorical and argumentative powers displayed in the debates on vital and burning questions of the day, affecting closely our modern life, that they begged me often to give them a synopsis of what they might freely be favored with.

"Anything not debarred from outside circulation, by rules of the smoking-room," Mrs. Mitchell said, with a smile.

"What was the argument about today?" Miss Mitchell would ask, and I would answer; "A great variety of things were discussed in a somewhat discursive way, and graphic illustrations abounded, but the main interest centered upon combinations of capital. I have forgotten, however, all except what the philosopher said.

"What *did* he say?" asked Miss Mitchell, "for though I have never been able to combine much myself, I do not want to lose any of these gems of thought. Why would it not be a good idea to get the philosopher to arrange his ideas in writing and then read us a paper, for our closing entertainment on the steamer?"

Miss Mitchell's plan took at once with the passengers, and although the philosopher shook his head reproachfully at her as mainly responsible, he was finally prevailed upon to favor us with the following production, for our edification and posterity's, as we insisted.

On board S. S. "Prosaic,"

What the smoking-room philosopher says.

COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL

may be blessings, if not always unmixed ones. Railroads, manufactories, banks and department stores, can save much expense by absorbing smaller concerns, and may benefit their customers in lower prices or increased facilities, if managed to that end by

honorable men. Their danger is in the opportunity offered to promoters and syndicates of over-capitalization in stock or bonds, whereby the outside investor pays on a fictitious valuation, losing finally, unless the charge is carried forward in an increased price to the customer or passenger.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

State ownership, is a cure for that, says my student friend from his corner I doubt it, nor will that remedy be applied generally unless the syndicates grow still more greedy and grasping. There must be much better economy practiced by our municipalities, and far more wisdom exercised in their business management, before lighting, street car service, telephoning, etc., shall be relinquished to them, and a still greater number of office holders created; with all which that means in political intrenchment of party.

When cities shall have responsibility placed squarely upon the executive, with heads of departments appointed by him under civil service rules; the corporations called semi-public may readily be forced to perform their duties if two things are adhered to honorably by each. First, no franchise should be given, or renewed, for a longer term than one year. Second, no company giving good and reasonable service, should be disturbed in its just rights or have adequate cause for seeking to bind the city to its own duty, for a term of

years. Corporations could then have no excuse for their contention that the fickleness and demagoguery of changing municipalities, make a long franchise necessary before outlays are made or securities floated. Cities and these corporations must meet each other more honestly on both sides. City officials must be found also, that would scorn to take a pass or place themselves under any obligation whatsoever.

TAXES—

the solemn man remarks, are as sure as death, and I am glad that he is blessed with enough worldly goods to feel that it is a grave matter. There is an unlikeness, however, in the fact that while death comes once to all, taxes come yearly to most. I agree with you that they are not equitable on the personal property side, but I shall not attempt to estimate how much the rate would be reduced if every one would make the return directed by law. People do not and will not make returns, and the burden is laid most unequally in consequence. That is why there seems some reason in the contention of many, that only real estate should be taxed, simplifying the assessors' work and doing no injustice to holders of land, as rents would accommodate themselves to the new basis. It would operate against holding out large tracts of unimproved lands for speculation merely. It might have a tendency to keep as real cit-

izens that increasing class who are actually taxed elsewhere, though practically denizens of the city. Industrial enterprises would favor such a city, and there would be no need then of making questionable contracts for the benefit of a few favored concerns, for all would be treated alike. If you would keep taxes low, you must not only apply a healthy economy (not parsimony) all along the line of appropriations for public works, but also in the matter of salaries. Instead of multiplying offices and quoting the precedent of other cities as a reason for raising salaries, keep the number down to the necessary ones, and set an example of only proper and reasonable payments to officers.

TARIFFS—

have enough interest to our taciturn neighbour, for him to venture an inquiry as to their utility or necessity, even. I have pretty strong convictions on that subject—yes, and on most others, as the bumptious young man has just whispered audibly.

The main prop of the tariff has always been that "infant industry" idea, and its necessity for our material prosperity, with a direful picture presented of the pauper labor of Europe destroying the dignity of our own. It would seem to the unbiassed mind a pretty good idea for nations, like individuals, to do that which they are best fitted for. It certainly would be a sound basis to start upon,

and if it kept nations inter-dependent, would perhaps so far make for peace between them.

There is a little inconsistency, apparently, in free-born, self-reliant Americans, pleading the baby act with the government for their especial enterprise, and then employing the cheapest labor possible, the kind that they called such a menace. Those who do so, should be the last instead of the first to complain when these men seek an early vote. A tariff for revenue we must have for the present, but the protection should be taken out of it. The word sounds queerly and poorly by the side of our profession of independence, equality before the law, freedom in everything—but trade. Still, law is law, and my protection friends must not be so inconsistent as to grumble at its personal bearing on their European purchases. That is a small hardship to bear for a great principle, and it is always sad to see a protectionist wince as he pays, sadder still to see him wriggle in attempted evasion.

PUSHING TRADE—

is a necessity of modern conditions, the drummer asserts, as he enters, flushed with his victory at shovel board. That was pushing to good effect, and it is to be hoped may be an augury of what is soon to befall him as he displays his goods in foreign climes.

Yes, conditions *have* changed, and you do not wait for the country customer to come in

and select his wares. That old leisurely method has departed, and you must go to him—ahead of the other man, too, if possible. There is a great deal of pushing that is right and proper, even vital, if trade is to be held. These methods are so evident that they need no description ; but there are other ways that hurt trade just as surely in the long run. These vary from the hocus-pocus to the vicious, and might be summarized as lottery methods; for the same impression is sought to be given by all, however they masquerade. Something for nothing, or very nearly that, is always implied.

The coupon device, trading stamps, and whole kindred brood, are little better than the ſake or ſire sales, mock auctions, etc., which all condemn. Attempts to stimulate trade in these ways, of course cannot be called legitimate pushing. It is questionable to many whether the instalment plan is any real benefit. It tempts to overtrading, using the alluring bait of home comforts easily secured, when in a majority of cases it would have been better to remain content with a few things until cash was in hand to buy others.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

The sleepy man tells me that he has earned repose, as this is his first real vacation; something that he has looked forward to with longing for years. He admits, however, that there has not come quite that full measure of

content, which he confidently hoped for. The desired haven is reached with some anticipations wrecked.

He tells me further, that in his career, "Business was business straight through and all the time," but I fear this poor pride of his is tottering towards its fall, as he sees how little development he allowed himself outside of narrow trade channels. He was bound too closely to routine, and feels now the want of a common knowledge of art, books, his fellow men even, outside of the narrow groove where he met them. Study to cure this, and do not admit it is too late without a fair trial.

An energetic business man, going to seed the minute his own special avenue of effort closes, has been too common a sight. The wiser man is he, who, while he masters his business, is not mastered by it, but keeps along always some side interests that refresh him, as a change from the toil for his sustenance and material well-being.

FANCY FARMING—

is a good resource for a retired man of business, says the benevolent gentleman, as he beams over his spectacles. Yes, if you can afford it, and really like to raise fruit and vegetables for presentation purposes; only don't flatter yourself that you are really farming, while you are amusing yourself and neighbors in your expensive trifling. The demoralizing effect must be considered, too, on those about

you, when the really hard working farmers see you sinking money and judgment in sub-soil ploughing, elaborate draining, fancy stock, expensive buildings and high-priced labor. It would be a grand object-lesson if just one business man should appear, who could show that method and care might win here as well as they had in his former pursuit.

SOCIETY.

My pensive friend quotes well when he says, "That much abused word, society;" and his reflective temperament may yet develop him into a philosopher, too, let us hope.

Society *is* a much abused word, and some of the doings, climbing, slipping, sliding, trimming, cringing and fawning, excite our pity and contempt, when we consider them as belonging to it. But while we smile or grieve at these follies or heart-burnings, and deride much miserable aping of unworthy models, let us not call this society. Rather let us remember, that like religion and all other good things, this has its counterfeit. We are not considering what is sometimes *called* society, but what is really so in its best sense, which must be a worthy thing.

The best society, then, is that which allows to its members full liberty to follow out honest convictions, not pressing them hardly upon others, nor hiding or stifling them.

A proper self-respect counts for a great deal here, as elsewhere, something which

will never be confounded with overweening self-conceit. You cannot manufacture friendships, and those which come to you naturally will be the most lasting. Whether your circle is large or small, it will be of the best quality possible when the truest. Consideration for others' feelings is the keynote to really good society—a desire to judge them fairly in construing both acts and words. This means nothing inconsistent with your honor, dignity or judgment.

THE STAGE—

at present, seems in a state of decadence, I hear the histrionic member of our group declare. It must be admitted that your great master would be a little perturbed to see the vacuous and flabby play alternate with the blood and thunder variety, for one kind of audience—while the more cultured are regaled with representations of so called modern life, in which vicious situations are either thinly and suggestively veiled or openly flaunted. It is hardly complimentary to the good taste of an audience, that managers should feed them with such pabulum.

It is certainly a poor diet for our young people to partake of in their recreative hours, and lacks utterly that delightful quality of freshness, sweetness and sparkle, which the best plays give us in true pictures of home and social life.

LIBERAL EDUCATION—

is a good corrective, as you well say, professor, in acting as a guard to some degree against shallow or perverted views of life. But has it ever occurred to you that many are paying too much for it? They seem to think that such a patent is conferred in the mere fact of a college course, that it is worth any sacrifice. Not *any* sacrifice, my friend. Not the slavery or essential discomfort of your relatives, that you may acquire or shine; not borrowing heavily and forgetting to repay; not even endangering your own health by unwonted and unwarrantable efforts to replenish your slender purse. A college education, like a great many other things, is good for some people to have, if rightly secured.

Libraries are a universal good, you declare, at least free ones for the people. Let us see about that. It is easy for us to say complacently to each other, as library after library is given by our rich men; "They ought to, they can afford it." But can *we* afford it? Can we afford to take all and do nothing ourselves?

I am not sure but all such gifts would be wiser ones, if conditioned on the people doing something themselves to show their desire to help, to even sacrifice a little for so good a cause. A nickel a month, say, as partners in it.

PATRIOTISM.

"The last refuge of a scoundrel;" you quote,

my clerical friend, not approvingly I presume, reverend sir, but to "start me," as the bumptious youth would observe.

My idea of patriotism ought not to require a multiplicity of words to define or set forth clearly.

Some indeed are so brief in their interpretation of the word as to give it in one great howl—"Our country, right or wrong!"

Others in well-rounded periods recall proud events in our history, review our march in material growth, our wonderful inventive faculty, and close with the modest claim that we are greater, richer, braver, wiser, better every way, than any other nation past, present, or to come.

My ideal of a true patriot is one whose love of country lies too deep to make noisy protestation of it. Nor will he villify other nations to magnify his own; but holding fast to the best traditions of his beloved land, seek ever to gain from other countries those things in which they clearly surpass us. If he differs with most of his countrymen on a question of policy, honestly believing that his country's honor forbids his joining in their judgment, he will not let sneer of being impracticable, visionary or weak, affect him, nor taunt of traitor move him. If he loves his country well enough to serve her thus, as well as with his arm in a just conflict. then he is a patriot, when it costs something to be one.

"Patient passengers of the good ship 'Prosaic,' upon whom I have presumed to inflict these views, (only however, after your urgent solicitations,) I congratulate you that I have at length reached a conclusion. You might indeed have suffered still further, for there are a host of subjects discussed and sometimes illuminated in the smoking-room, that I have not touched upon—such burning questions as prohibition, woman's rights, etc. Consider yourself released, however, after one little tribute for my own amusement. Will not the ladies kindly distribute these labels, attaching in their best judgment to the pensive, benevolent, bumptious, sleepy, etc., subjects, that I may learn what their discernment is good for!"

This was an unexpected turning of the tables, and while the ladies were anxious to show their acuteness, there was a faint murmur of protest from some of the *habitués* of the smoking-room, with appealing glances to the philosopher. He was inexorable, however, declaring that he had "done his turn," and meant now to enjoy the writhings of the victims as they were literally "smoked out."

"This is the second penalty for insisting on importing a smoking-room philosopher into a salon!" he said, in rich enjoyment of ludicrous episodes that followed the attempt to place labels properly.

Notwithstanding the semi-apology of the

philosopher for inflicting so much concentrated wisdom upon us in one evening, we gave him a hearty vote of thanks; and as the steamer was due to arrive early the next day, there was a general hand-shaking and leave-taking, after patriotic songs had been sung.

The Mitchells and I sat on deck after most of the others had retired, all of us a little sorry, I think, to leave the good ship that had borne us thus far in safety; the odd attachment so often felt toward an inanimate creation, that we strive to invest, somehow, with a personality.

Miss Mitchell doubtless felt a subdued and solemn joy in the assured meeting with her lover, if her pensive air was any indication. She roused herself finally, and said with a pretty, deprecatory smile—that only veiled her utter happiness in anticipation of the morrow—"I have been very poor company I fear, Mr. Faulconer, for the last half hour; but after all it is complimentary to you, for it is with our best friends that we can afford to sit silently sometimes."

"I appreciate the compliment more than I can tell you," I answered, "and it has been enough for me to see you so thoroughly happy, as I know you have a right to be."

"I have," she answered slowly, and hesitating a moment, she added, "I can wish you no greater joy, Mr. Faulconer, than a like happiness; and don't forget," she concluded,

with a merry sparkle in her eye, where something else bright still shone, "that I have promised to help you if I can!"

She now followed her mother, who had left but a few moments before, and I lingered to finish a fond dream of my own. Shall I confess it? Philippa, my unseen cousin, had taken possession of me as fully as if I had the right to think of her thus ardently and fondly. If so deeply in love with an unseen, unknown, what would be my fate when I saw her? Should I ever? Life is full of changes, as I knew too well.

CHAPTER V.

AUCKLAND.

There could not have been a finer morning, than that which greeted our entrance to Auckland harbor, and there are few fairer or grander scenes than North Island gives to the traveller; though the details of that were not known to me until later.

Before I left New Zealand, I had seen Mount Ruapahu's snow-clad summit, towering 9,000 feet above the sea, the evergreen forests, fern clad ranges and beautiful dales, the wonderful geysers, and what remained of the famed pink terraces.

My present interest, however, was confined to Auckland and its environs, which contained, I was told, some 30,000 persons. But only one Philippa!

Mr. Clearfield was already aboard when I came on deck, and as the first greetings were over between him and the Mitchells, there was time for my introduction, in one of the intervals of conversation that even lover's confidences occasionally afford. I knew that Mr. Clearfield's judgment was excellent so far as knowing where to seek his own happiness, but I was more interested to ascertain whether Miss Mitchell had been equally wise; for if

ever woman deserved one who would truly cherish her, she did.

Her decision, I was obliged to confess to myself, had been the wise one I hoped, for he was so frank and manly in his ways, and showed the gentleman so thoroughly, that from the moment my eyes met his, I knew their steady and true response to mine meant that Miss Mitchell was in safe hands—the right ones.

"The verdict is that I will do!" said Mr. Clearfield, with a merry glance toward Miss Mitchell; "for I am sure I saw a shade of care pass from Mr. Faulconer's brow, and I thought I heard a sigh of relief at a responsibility lifted from his shoulders. It must have been no slight one for Grace is still young and unformed; though she is right in her impulses. Don't you think so?"

I replied that in the main impulse which interested him, she was right, I had now no doubt; but that the responsibility had been felt so lightly by me, that I was heartily sorry it was over.

"Really, Tom, I do not know what we should have done without Mr. Faulconer," said Miss Mitchell. "You ought to be very grateful that we fell into the hands of such a serious-minded escort. It is so unusual to see such gravity and discretion in young men nowadays, that I have made a special note of it. Indeed, I have formed a theory—which

tortures shall not make me disclose at present—as to Mr. Faulconer's real aims in life. I assure you this much, that they are lofty, for they have enabled him to resist successfully, the advances of one very pretty young widow, and the guileless artifices of a mother and two charming daughters!"

"I am a little uncertain," I replied, "about some slight attentions I received from the widow, though they may not have been so pointed as you imagine; but in justice to those young ladies, they were so coldly indifferent that it would forever chill in me any belief in my power to please, if I had not heard one of them say, just now, 'Mr. Faulconer *wasn't* engaged to her, after all!'"

"There, Grace!" laughed Mr. Clearfield, and then—gravely turning toward her—"but why should they have thought it *possible*?"

Miss Mitchell disdained to answer such a personal question, and we all disembarked now, parting with the promise from me, that I would call on them soon at their country home. Mr. Clearfield and Miss Mitchell would not be married for a fortnight, and meanwhile the ladies would stay at Doctor Pell's, a brother of Mrs. Mitchell, and next neighbor to Mr. Clearfield.

Left now to my own devices, the first thing, evidently, to do, was to call on Mrs. Graham; in whose care Philippa certainly was three

years before, and where presumably she would still be found.

I readily discovered the house where she had lived, a modest but pleasantly situated, dwelling in the suburbs; but here I met my first disappointment, in the information that Mrs. Graham had removed a year since to Sydney; having been called thence by the death of her only brother, who had left a family of motherless children. Further inquiry developed the fact that "the young lady" did not go with her, as Mrs. Graham wisely decided that Philippa would hardly feel at home in such a group of sturdy youngsters; for the children were mostly boys. Just what arrangements had been made for her, I could not learn from the somewhat indefinite woman, except that she believed she was teaching in a physician's family in the country somewhere.

So Philippa had started upon her modest career in life, and "ower young," I thought it; with a strong desire within me to care for and shelter her myself, which may have been commendable, if not entirely unselfish.

My disappointment, at finding the bird flown, soon gave way to a renewed determination that I would find her if every farm in New Zealand had to be visited. I reflected that she must, however, almost surely be on the same island as Auckland, and though that meant an immense area, the thought that we were at least on the same soil, brought a new

and strange delight. We might be but a few miles apart! There was always the chance that her occupation was near Auckland, which she might occasionally visit for shopping, or to see friends.

While I was laying out my campaign, studying maps, and tracing roads, etc., I found time to saunter through the streets and park, on the slender chance that I might meet her on such a visit to the city, and the slenderer hope that I should know her by the resemblance to her grandmother's picture. I thought I could trace a little likeness between that and Philippa's five year old photograph, and was leaning more and more to Mrs. Brown's belief, as time progressed. It was too comforting a hope to cast away. There was one possible clue to my cousin's whereabouts in that idea, indefinitely as it had been stated, of her teaching in a physician's family. I proceeded to make a list of all the physicians whose names I could find by diligent research (anywhere within thirty miles of Auckland) and was surprised to find that so many doctors were necessary in such a healthy community as this was reputed to be.

After making an alphabetical list of these, I arranged another by locality, so that I could call upon all without too much retracing of steps.

While sitting in the park (or Botanical Garden, more strictly speaking), one day, looking

over my lists, it flashed across my mind that there was a familiar name in Dr. Pell; for that certainly was where Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter had gone. How if Philippa should be in that very household! A moment's reflection showed how unlikely this was, for I knew Miss Mitchell well enough to be sure that she would have quickly informed me if it had been so. That hope must be rejected, and I now went carefully over my papers, selecting a long route for the first day's travel, and deciding to start on the very next morning.

It was full time, but I had wasted none as yet, for the preparation had been careful and thorough in study of maps and plans of the adjacent country, which would save many a mile of fruitless travel.

I put my papers away, lit a cigar, and as immediate action was impossible, allowed myself the luxury of a few minutes retrospect and reverie. I reviewed the time since my father's death, which seemed in the distant past now, so much had transpired in the really short interval. The more I thought of my father's words the more sure I became that when he counselled me to seek out my cousin, much more was in his mind than what came from his lips. Certainly if he had it near his heart that I should find my happiness beside my cousin, I was now as strongly

of that way of thinking as a man well could be who had yet to see the lady of his love.

Her picture should not count, of course, although, as I have said, I had become a convert to Mrs. Brown's view, as to the resemblance to her beautiful grandmother. If so, I would try and sketch Philippa. She should be now of slight, but well placed and poised figure, hair and eyes of brown, the latter that rare kind which dance merrily, and yet have a melting quality for the fortunate one who can discover it. Her smile must be one of her greatest charms, so frank and sunny, sparkling and sweet. Surely I should know her by her smile and eyes.

"Ask me not why I should love her,
Look upon these soulful eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from"——

"How *did* you know my favorite seat!" exclaimed a voice at my side; too sweet a voice to so salute a stranger.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILIPPA.

The young girl, for she was not much more, whose question came so suddenly to my ears, had not addressed her remark to me. She could not see that the seat was occupied until the bush had been passed that hid my end of it. The big St. Bernard, however, who had preceded her and stretched himself comfortably across the path, was in full view before she reached the seat. He had evidently made up his mind that where his mistress had stopped before, she would surely tarry again. Dogs' memories are good.

The girl, who paused a moment before me, was slight, and fair even beyond my dreams, with brown eyes, and hair of the same color; but the smile was resolutely kept back, and a trace of vexation with herself showed in a little flush and pretty frown, while deciding whether to excuse herself, or take for granted that I would understand how incapable she was of addressing any but her dog, thus.

I arose too quickly for her to pass, and said, "Your dog is quite right, I have monopolized this seat too long, and it is only fair that you give him a rest, while you occupy the place which he has sagaciously chosen as your favorite one."

She seemed pleased that I had left the matter where it belonged, with the dog, and that I did not presume to stay even at the other end of the seat; for she smiled her thanks, and dismissed me with as graceful a bow as her grandmother could have made. Yes, my heart had told me, in one great throb, that this must be Philippa!

I liked her dismissal much better than if she had insisted on retiring herself, for she took me simply at my word; that I had long been there—and it *was* her favorite seat, and she *was* a little tired.

I had not the slightest intention of leaving her, however, before one question was answered, which I had been trying to frame ere the smile left her face.

"It is barely possible," I said, "that we are not strangers, after all, or ought not to be. May I ask if you are Miss Faulconer? If so, I assure you I have much to tell that concerns you deeply. My name is Philip Faulconer."

She seemed much surprised and a little startled at this speech, with a puzzled, almost pathetic look in her eyes, as if she were trying to remember faces that were near her in earliest childhood. Surely this was Philippa; *my* Philippa, if God granted me life long enough to win her by showing the depth of my heart's love and constancy.

She answered, and how sweet the words

were to me! "My name is Philippa Faulconer, but I know little of my family. I can but just remember my father, and nothing of my mother. I believe no near relatives are left to me now."

As she concluded this answer to my question, I thought that if I were my father, instead of my father's son, I would clasp this poor child—so strangely alone and bereft of kindred—straight to my heart. Friends are much, but the old words "kith and kin" mean something closer and dearer yet. When this is not so I pity the one forced to admit it.

What I *said* in answer to my cousin was simply this: "If you will allow me to sit by you for a while, I will tell you, briefly, what I have to say. I am your cousin. It matters not now of what degree, but we are both Faulconers, you see—Philip and Philippa; and almost the last who bear the name, so we ought all the more to be good friends. Like yourself, I am bereft of parents, though I lost mine much later in life; my father having died last year. He was a man you would have loved and confided in; for he always inspired trust, by his simple and direct ways and kindness of heart. He told me, a little before he died, to seek you, and bear his love to you; for his heart had gone out to the little maid, as he called you, so far removed from home and kindred. He wished me to put you in possession of the old Lodge of your ances-

tors (and mine) at Faulconridge, with its acre of ground, and an income of £200 for your modest maintenance there. He felt assured that you would take these slight gifts to please him, your kinsman, if no more; and it was his great hope that, dear as your friends here might be to you, the feeling of home—the place where you were born, and where your father and mother lie buried—would prove strong enough to draw you there. Have you any remembrance of the Lodge? It was the cradle of our race, and stood quite removed from the mansion, which was burned ere you can recollect."

"I can just remember the old Lodge," she answered, "and my father's funeral from it; and still more dimly the time, a few weeks before, when I was carried to his bedside. It has always seemed to me as if he said, 'Poor little Philippa, God help and care for you;' but perhaps that was only a child's thought later, of what he might have said, or a dream—she added, sadly.

"Would you like to know how you looked at that time?" I asked, and showed her the five year old picture that I always carried with me. She was a picture herself of surprised delight, not for the portrait itself, but because of its linking her closer to her father; the one little remembrance that she had treasured to comfort many lonely hours.

"You may keep it," I said, "I brought it

out for you. Here is another picture that enabled me to find you, or to know you, when I was wonderingly asked the question about this seat!"

My cousin's new wonder about the second picture, prevented her noticing this raillery, except by a smile; and I now placed in her hand the photograph of her grandmother as she looked at sixteen.

"Do I look like that!" exclaimed Philippa, coloring slightly, from a little tinge, perhaps, of new-born pride in the womanhood that began to show forth its power in the picture.

"Where did you get it, Mr. Faulconer; and whose face is it, please?"

"That is your grandmother at sixteen, which is about your present age, I believe. I secured it at Faulconridge just before I left, as a possible means of identifying you. I will keep this until I have one of your own.

Mrs. Brown, the tenant at the Lodge, declared her belief, which has come strangely true, that you would surely look like your grandmother; and although I can see differences that I will not comment upon now, this picture has served a good purpose, for I have you clearly identified. You very properly call me Mr. Faulconer, as so much older, but I will call you Philippa, if you do not object. We Faulconers go about things very methodically, and we are direct if we are anything; so I will now hand you document number three—

the object of all being the same—to affect your mind or touch your heart so deeply about your early home that you will be willing to leave here, even if it seems hard at first to part from friends that are tried and true."

Philippa seemed to have cause for fresh wonder in seeing, gradually, how she had been planned for in so many ways by her new-found cousin, and took the letter from Mrs. Brown, that I now handed her; reading it through twice ere she laid it on her lap, and looked at me with eyes that were a little dimmed.

"I am sure she is a good and kind woman; you have all been very kind to think and do so much for me—your father, yourself, and Mrs. Brown. I do not know how I may decide; but I never can forget it my life through. It seems so strange that I should have come into this garden a half hour ago, only, and find a new life opened to me. I must go soon, to meet my friends, but tell me first, what you would have done to find me if you had not, or I had not, come to this seat?"

"I should have sought you, Philippa," I said—in great comfort at the first use of her name—"at every doctor's within a large circuit of Auckland, having heard that you were probably teaching in a physician's family in the country—slightly indefinite, it is true. I might have commenced with Dr. Pell, where two of my fellow passengers are stopping,

Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter; but I knew you could not be there, or Miss Mitchell would have written me. Still I might have learned of him, possibly, the address of the doctor whose child you were teaching. A mere chance, of course."

"You would have found me there!" said Philippa, delightedly. "The very thing you wouldn't really have expected. But the other way was the best," she added reflectively; to which I heartily assented.

"As you will want to call on your friends, Mr. Faulconer, why not come with me to meet their carriage? I have been in town some days, and that accounts for Miss Mitchell not seeing me, nor was there any special reason why she should hear me mentioned."

"But what am I to do, Philippa, with my plans and maps, and lists of doctors, and routes of march to their homes? Do you think Dr. Pell would like the collection?"

"You might try him!" said she, gleefully as a child. We were just starting, when Philippa raised her little hand, and drew my attention to a robin red breast, hopping toward us the more cautiously at seeing her in unwonted company. "This is one of the old friends who would miss me if I went with you to England," she said very gently, so as not to disturb him, as she scattered a few crumbs, regarding him wistfully the while. She spoke so innocently and trustingly of the

possibility of a return in my care, that I could not refrain from answering, "This robin, Philippa, must be the very one that I fed on the window seat of the old tower, wondering as I did so, whether you might not some day do likewise. I believe he has brought a message for you, imploring your return to the ancestral home. Can you whisper 'yes' to him?" I did not give her time to answer, however, but continued. "Pardon me, my child, for asking your decision now, to that which you must take time to consider. Of course we know it cannot be the same robin!"

"There is nothing to pardon," said she. "I knew you really wished me to consider well; and believe me, Mr. Faulconer, I will try hard to decide rightly. It was a pretty idea of yours!" she added, with a smile.

We found the carriage awaiting Philippa, with Mr. Clearfield and Miss Mitchell in it. He had been deputed, it seemed, to drop the ladies at Dr. Pell's, on the way to his own home.

To say that amazement o'ercast Miss Mitchell's face, as we approached, in happy converse, would faintly express it. Her brow was enthroned with wonder!

"How, when, where, did you find your cousin, Mr. Faulconer!" she exclaimed.

"An hour ago, in the Botanical Garden, by means of her picture," I answered, "if you will allow me to reverse the order of your

somewhat peremptory questions. Does she treat you in this autocratic fashion already, Mr. Clearfield, or is that reserved for your future?"

While Mr. Clearfield was explaining to me, Miss Mitchell had introduced herself to Philippa, and was getting a circumstantial account of the whole matter from beginning to end.

She now turned upon me again, with the charge that it was too bad to steal a march on her little plan, for she had only that afternoon heard of Philippa's whereabouts, and had arranged to call at my hotel as they drove out. I was to have been taken into the carriage, and surprised with my cousin there.

Miss Mitchell could not help commenting on my cousin's calling me Mr. Faulconer; on which I turned and looked at her severely, saying that I preferred it. She remained quiet a moment, and then, looking at me rather mischievously, said, "I wonder why?"

"Your cousin has some queer ideas, Philippa, and I have formed a theory about him, that I shall some day disclose. Not now, however, for he has too sadly disarranged my plans, to receive such a reward."

Mr. Clearfield and Miss Mitchell had the front seat after we were fairly started, although the latter very kindly offered to sit with Philippa, if I *preferred* to be in front!

I cannot tell what was said on that drive. Not much by me, I am sure; yet I felt that I had never known real happiness before.

Philippa was pensive and thoughtful, as if she had not yet got the matter quite clearly before her in all its bearings.

As she was alighting at Dr. Pell's, she said—as if we both had been thinking of the same thing and both knew it—"You feel willing to trust me to decide rightly, do you not?"

"I shall always trust you, Philippa," I answered.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEDDING.

Dr. Pell welcomed me heartily, and insisted that I should be his guest for a few days, at least.

The plans and lists that I had prepared for finding Philippa, amused him very much; and he declared he should value them highly, as guides in his occasional visits to brother physicians. I think, too, that he liked to have them as mementoes of Philippa, whose departure he began to see foreshadowed.

The doctor and his wife had been the truest and kindest of friends to her, even before she had come to them. They had been well acquainted with her aunt, and when the old lady died were instrumental in seeing her niece well placed with Mrs. Graham. Upon the removal of the latter to Sydney, they suggested to Philippa a residence with them, and within a few weeks had yielded to her wish that she might teach their child, and thus support herself. They respected her desire for independence, even in dealing with the best and dearest friends she had known.

Her aunt had left to Philippa, all she possessed, a small amount, perhaps £1,000; of which the doctor was trustee until she came of age. Mrs. Graham and Dr. Pell had both

carried out the expressed views of the aunt, regarding her niece, following as nearly as could be, the rules she had laid down, which, if old-fashioned, were truly sensible. Her education was to include not only a thorough groundwork in the high school course, but also a plan for reading the best authors; sketched out to some degree by her aunt, and showing much wisdom in selection. She had not omitted a generous allowance of fiction, which the good woman keenly appreciated.

Philippa was, in consequence, remarkably well read, and her year with Doctor Pell's family had been of great advantage in the discussion of books and affairs; for the doctor kept thoroughly alive to current events, and had many interests besides his profession, thus finding a relief from its arduous cares. Another thing insisted on by my cousin's aunt, was a thorough knowledge of housekeeping, marketing, and keeping of accounts.

These things had been necessary in their restricted style of living, but whether that was a continued necessity or not, she maintained that it was a great advantage to know how money should be used to get the best results, whether expended for essentials or luxuries.

The doctor had his ideas also, as to physical exercise particularly; deeming it almost as necessary that women should ride and swim, as men. He had found so good a pupil in Philippa, that in the past year she had become

an excellent swimmer, and fearless rider of any of his horses or Mr. Clearfield's. These had been tenets of my father also, who early taught me to swim, ride, shoot, and sail a boat. I found my cousin could pull a very good oar, too, and made a mental note as to possible rides and rows with her in a not very remote future.

As to lighter accomplishments, she only admitted that she could play the piano passably, but her singing I soon learned was a delight to all fortunate enough to hear her. She would not dance, though I am sure she would have done it well, for her walking was grace itself. She did not analyze her objection, but though no prude, and with manners most charming and unaffected, I believe the real reason, if she could have found it, was the familiarity implied in dancing; though she was well aware that this was not supposed to be presumed upon in good society. People, however frank, have their own reservations. This was hers, and though I enjoyed dancing, I did not grieve much at this manifestation. For some reason I rather liked it; but—as Miss Mitchell would have said—why?

I could readily see that Philippa was most deeply attached to the doctor and his wife, and that this might operate, possibly, in affecting her decision as to my plans. He had brought her safely through a dangerous fever when she was a child, and had been a con-

stant and trustworthy friend and adviser to her aunt, whose memory she revered. Both the doctor and Mrs. Pell had treated Philippa with much of the same kindness lavished upon their own child, while she had been one of their household.

I had already learned that my cousin was unusually self-reliant and clear-headed; nature having endowed her with good sense, while a rational education had fostered the quality. She and her aunt had met some reverses and hardships, with resolution and serenity; one of the strong convictions of the latter being that any true gentlewoman would best evidence it by accepting inevitable economies without peevishness or repining. In this way there might be avoided that disheartening and paralyzing worry, which so many invite by unprofitable comparison of lots. She never allowed herself—nor would have tolerated in Philippa—any such reflections; her favorite axiom being, that we have in this life little to do with measuring seeming good fortune in others, with our own condition. "Many who seem to have all that goes to make life happy, may, for aught we know, have a disease, a sorrow, or disgrace, that would cause us endless disquiet if we possessed it. Comparisons are as weak and silly as they are odious." These were amongst her sayings.

I had resolved to possess my soul in patience, touching my father's desire, knowing that the

answer would come in due time; and feeling that I had presented the case as fairly and fully as I could, to Dr. Pell, as well as Philippa. If Miss Mitchell was consulted on my qualifications and responsibility for the remaining part of my duty, I felt that I had a good friend for my cause, in spite of her undivulged theory about my aims in life.

The waiting for a decision was not so long as I expected, for upon the second evening after our arrival, Dr. Pell asked me to come into his study, where I found Philippa, with some traces of agitation on the face that had become so dear to me.

"Your cousin," said the doctor, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "has come to a decision first, and then asked my opinion, instead of reversing the process! She has weighed the matter of your father's proposal, his plan for her future, against some natural inclination to stay with old friends—almost the only ones she has known. She decides (I held my breath here!) to go; and it is wisely done, for it is the stirring call to her heart of kindred and of home. Your father has sounded it there. No other claim is quite that, Philippa, and you have done well, and characteristically, my child, in taking the matter up resolutely, at once, however hard it has been. Always go out bravely thus, and decisions will lose half their terrors. Next

to your kindred you must always hold me and mine, for you know how we love you."

The doctor, by I know not what impulse, perhaps to hide his own emotion, then took a hand of each in his, and smilingly said; "Now that the situation is relieved, let festivity reign! I have long wished an excuse for a vacation, so we will take ten days in an excursion to the geysers and terraces, returning just before Grace's marriage. We three will go, leaving my wife and Mrs. Mitchell to help Grace complete her preparations, if Mr. Clearfield does not interfere too much."

This suited me excellently, it is needless to say, and Philippa had always wanted to see the geysers, as the doctor knew; besides which it was plain enough that she wished to be close to him all she could before the final separation. I liked this loyalty to her early friend; nor could I wonder at it when I considered what a sacrifice he was making in giving her up just now, when he was counting much on her influence with his own child.

We four young people took our first row together that evening, and as it might be our last, we prolonged it well into the night.

Miss Mitchell was in her usual good spirits, which were much improved, she said, since the decision was finally made. She declared that it had been on all our minds like a cloud, and she was glad to see it dissipated.

She and Philippa were now great friends,

and as it happened that my cousin had heretofore had no really close ones near her own age, she appreciated the companionship all the more. Miss Mitchell was a little inclined to revive her mischievous assaults upon me, in the guise of serious advice to us for our guidance on the long voyage together.

She affected to consider me as very mature in years, if not in judgment, emphasizing the difference in age very distinctly, between Philippa and myself. She adopted a reflective tone about me, as if I had long been an interesting study; which I told her was personal in the extreme, embarrassing, and quite undeserved by anything I had ever done. She looked very serious and said—"Perhaps this is my last opportunity, and I must not be diverted from my duty"—then partly turning to Philippa, she relapsed into her reflective tone.

"I was interested in your cousin from the first moment of our acquaintance (no, Tom, even if you had not existed, I could not have encouraged him—we are very different). I have, as you know, a theory about him that may eventually explain some inconsistencies; but it seems to me as if there were tendencies that he should try to overcome before he is still older. I never like to see even a comparatively young man, actually or affectedly odd, and he has some very peculiar notions. Did I hear Mr. Faulconer ask for instances?

No? Then I will give some, for his good. I shall betray no confidences, for of course, only Tom and I have those. I remember once asking Mr. Faulconer what he considered good points in a woman, briefly put; and he replied promptly—good temper, common sense, humor, neat working attire, punctuality and a love of big dogs! Here you see a lack of ideality. I told him that the ship's name must have affected his imagination. He has expressed a love for dancing, but when I suggested that his young cousin should overcome her objection to it, he said it was a very proper reservation if she chose to make it. Here you see a lack of consistency. Then he actually prefers that his cousin should call him 'Mr. Faulconer.' This is formality personified, alas! I might go further, but I have already shown that he is formal, inconsistent and lacking in ideality. I want your cousin to have an ideal, Philippa, to be always consistent and never formal. Is it too much to ask of him? He knows how much I wish it, but that makes no impression on him. Perhaps you will have better success if you care to try during the long voyage. You do not know how pleased I shall be, Mr. Faulconer, to hear of her success in such an effort!"

I glanced at Miss Mitchell a moment to see if I could tell whether she suspected that Philippa was my ideal, and that I was consistency itself in my love for her; but the eyes

that met mine were limpid depths of guilelessness, and if the slightest trace of a smile for my encouragement, played furtively about her lips, I could not surely detect it. I decided to try and keep up the serious tone that I had adopted for defence against her personalities, which I would not allow were pleasant, much as I liked their usual bearing.

"Miss Mitchell," I said, "I will agree to having been all you have said—and more; but I am not myself, nor have I been since you were placed in some sort under my care in the steamer. The responsibility weighed heavily, and though recovering, I am not recovered. I saw, and Mr. Clearfield has since confirmed it, that you were young, unformed, enthusiastic, and idealistic in an extraordinary degree—*consistently* so! If in the performance of my duty as guide, philosopher and friend to you, and an effort to relieve your mother's anxiety, I have so wearied myself as to still appear disquieted, irrelevant and inconsistent, I know you will forgive the weakness.

For your kindness in thinking so deeply of my welfare, I can never thank you sufficiently; and if I ever should have wit enough vouchsafed me to guess out your theory of my life's aims, so darkly hinted at, on and off the steamer, I promise to write you—that is, when the end is attained. Here is my hand on it."

She took my hand, and I thought her's trembled a little, as well as her voice, when she said, "I am sure you will write."

She will be a treasure to her husband, thought I, for when a woman, beloved and loving, has the unselfishness to turn from her own happiness to help another bound for the same haven, but beset with some difficulties, it is a good sign. I think she meant to get Philippa into the way of considering my personality a little, with the hope that it might be a growing interest. If so, I heartily and devoutly echoed her wish.

We had been rowing against the current, but turning now, the oars were unshipped, and we drifted back in the moonlight, favored by breeze, as well as stream.

Philippa and I were in the stern, the others close beside each other in the bow; none of us talking much now, but satisfied to drift on in half-dreaming content. If hands were clasped at one end of the boat it was not ours, where no such idea was supposed to be thought of, even. Later it shall be so! I whispered to myself; and not hands alone, but her heart close to mine, if Heaven blesses my endeavour. What was Philippa thinking about meanwhile? Should I be the happier for knowing? Hardly of me, or if at all, only passingly, as one, perhaps, who came but as a messenger; and who had brought sorrow rather than joy to her so far, in wresting her from loved ones.

Was I right, after all, or simply selfish for my own happiness? My love for her

rebelled at this question. I knew that it was true, with power to make her happy when my own deep affection had stirred in her a response. Would it could be now! I turned toward Philippa with a full heart, that I did not mean my face should yet disclose; though if she saw there a resolve to protect and shield her with my life while that might last, I cared not. She must have felt something of this, for she looked up at me for a moment, with a confidence shining forth from her eyes, (in her fair innocence,) that I have blessed her for ever since.

Confidence, that plant of slow growth, had at least been that night given to me by Philippa.

Confidence means trust, and trust is so good a thing, that it is love's best foundation for steady happiness.

Thus in the moonlight we floated on, and I almost wished it might have been forever; but we finally neared our landing place, moored the boat, and then took the path across the fields to the house ; if not quite so merry a party as we started, still with a great happiness over some of us, in spite of our soon parting, possibly forever. Marriage bells are merry ones, or should be, and they must so soon sound forth, that we decided by the next morning's light to commence the preliminary festivities at once. So we made up a riding party, and galloped into Auckland, where Dr. Pell, Philippa and I, bade good bye to the fond

lovers, after solemn assurances that we would be back to the wedding. We must, for Philippa and I were to stand up with them or else break Miss Mitchell's heart, as she declared; though my cousin and I persisted that she had utterly parted with it already.

I am not going to tell of the geysers, nor attempt to describe the departed glories of the pink terraces, for books that have already been written have done it far better than I could hope to. Philippa's enjoyment was so thorough, like a visit back to her childhood, that we were almost children with her, as we shared her delighted discoveries, throwing care to the winds for once.

I do not know whether the doctor or I would have appeared the most transported, to an onlooker.

We were back in time for the wedding, a day ahead of it in fact.

The morning was as bright as bride could hope for, the bride as fair as groom could dream of, and if the company at church was a small one, all there were good friends and hearty well wishers of the happy pair.

They well deserved this affection and regard, and it was with more emotion than I had felt since my father's death, that I bade them good-bye and God-speed.

Miss Mitchell, or Mrs. Clearfield now, looking very sweet and womanly in her new dignity, tried bravely a little more raillery at my

expense; but it ended in throwing her arms about Philippa, over whose shoulder she shot a tearful glance at me, with the old mischief underneath, at having close in her arms, my at present unattainable Philippa. I forgave her, for the older and younger girl made a pretty picture together, as several of us thought.

Once more, good-bye, and they were gone; leaving us rather serious now, in realizing how long it might be ere we met again.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

Why should I dwell on another leave-taking? It was a very hard one for poor Philippa, and hard for me to see her suffer; although she bore it bravely for their sakes, to whom she had so endeared herself by her faithfulness, ready thoughtfulness and sunny disposition.

It was arranged that a very worthy woman, Mrs. Larch, who was returning to England, should share her room with my cousin, and accompany her to the Lodge, on our arrival in port.

Little Minnie, the doctor's seven year old daughter, had picked a bunch of her favorite wild flowers, which she handed to me in great secrecy, as a surprise for her young teacher on reaching her room in the steamer. I carried out the programme faithfully, and placed beside the flowers a photograph that I had secured of big Major, the St. Bernard who had helped to bring us together. This had been *my* secret, but Minnie's gift and mine had cards attached now to make clear the donors.

Mrs. Larch and I sat on the deck, watching the quickly fading shore, Philippa having

gone below soon after her friends left the steamer. She soon joined us, and Mrs Larch remembering that she had many things to "put to rights," as she called it, left us to keep each other company. As my cousin seated herself beside me I said, "You cannot exclaim, 'my *native* land, good night!' Philippa, but you must look quickly if you would have a last glimpse of the world which you have known as yours for most of your years." She did not answer at once, but looked where I had pointed out to her a hazy line, and then, as it finally disappeared, turned toward me with a gentle sigh of regret for those dear friends so recently by her side.

She presently said, with much feeling, "It was very kind in you and Minnie to think of such things for me. Minnie and I loved the same flowers, and Major was almost always with us in our rambles."

"I have a special liking for Major, too," I replied, "for he introduced me to the cousin I was so desirous to find. I shall always think of you when I see a St. Bernard—or a robin!" I added. She smiled at the odd association of large things and small; and we sat for a few minutes in silence. Possibly she knew that I should think of her at some *other* times also.

Finally she again addressed me. "I have told you nearly all that I can remember of my not very eventful life; will you not now tell

me more fully of my family and yours—where they joined, and how closely related? I know we are cousins of some degree, but not exactly how."

When I had shown her the simple form of chart, with the lines diverging so early, and now so far asunder that she was only my cousin in eighth degree, she was greatly surprised.

"Your father must have felt very strongly about this matter to have followed it up so carefully and charged you with so great a responsibility, involving such a journey."

"It certainly was very close to his heart, and you were too," I said; with some emotion, as I remembered how much he dwelt upon her lonely fate. I explained to her how my father had seen by chance the English newspaper, with the account of her father's death, and the coincidences that he had noticed—the death of my mother and her father in the same year, each leaving an only child. It seemed a strange thing to her that we two, Philip and Philippa, were the last representatives of a race whose common ancestor was more than two hundred years distant.

I told her also, how, in his grieving for my mother's death, he had found some solace in tracing the matter out; and his hope that my own mourning for him would find relief in the search for my distant cousin, to carry out a father's wish for her welfare.

"He was right," I said in conclusion, "the search and the finding have comforted me as he knew it would."

"I am glad it has been so," murmured Philippa with glistening eyes. "How strange it all is! How good your father was to think of me so, and you, Mr. Faulconer, to carry out his wishes for me so faithfully. When you have done all he desired, by seeing me safely to the Lodge, you will of course return to America. I had not thought of that."

Presently she said, "In all these years was there no communication between the English and American Faulconers?"

"I had supposed none," I answered, "but in an old desk at the Lodge, Mrs. Brown found, one day, a letter from an ancestor of mine to his cousin, an ancestor of yours; and though she gave it to me, it is of right, yours. Here it is, with quite a little romance included in the letter and endorsement. You can just read it before the light fails."

Philippa read it carefully through, and then turned to the rather pathetic endorsement concerning that other Philippa's message to her cousin, whom she never was to meet, but who should have "all the love a maid might give to a cousin unseen."

With a slight tremor in her voice, Philippa said, "Do you think, Mr. Faulconer, that Godfrey had already started before his cousin Philippa died?"

"He was no true Faulconer unless he went," I answered, "if he believed his heart engaged."

"But," said my cousin, "remember it was simply his grandfather's fancy, and that should not have ruled his own judgment on a matter so uncertain."

"True," said I, "but suppose his heart in no way engaged at home, and I can well imagine he might be stirred by the thought that he would at least journey to see what Philippa was like. A man might well humour his father or grandfather thus far, and as he proceeded, his imagination might so enkindle as to write sonnets to the 'unknown she!' It is true that he might find at the end of his journey that his imagination had played him false, that he loved her not, or, that loving her as deeply as he had dreamed, she had no love for him, and that he could inspire none. I think, however, in this latter case, she might give her heart a fair trial for answering affection, before she shut him out of it. Should she not?"

"I think she might fairly do so much," said Philippa, and after a moment added—"I hope Godfrey went."

We were sitting near enough to the social room to hear quite clearly the song that came now to break the new silence into which we had relapsed. The words that floated out

were familiar ones to me and I presumed to her also—

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true."

"You know the song, and sing it, I presume?" I said, as the last note died away. As she did not answer at once, I looked at her in a moment, to find that she was shivering slightly; and as I drew the wrap about her shoulders, her eyes met mine, for an instant, with what I felt all through my being was love—tenderer, truer than any song could give forth!

Her face changed quickly from that one flashing glance to something quieter; though I thought it a little white, and troubled, as if she feared she had shown she scarcely knew what. I reasoned with myself that I could not have seen what I had been wild enough to imagine; and even if it were true, my duty was plain—to steel my heart against seeking any response to its own beating, until I had placed Philippa safely in her domain.

I could not, in honor, declare my love on this voyage, and after that even, she must see life in a fuller, larger way, before I had any right to tell her of my heart's burden which was growing so heavy to bear alone.

Still, that one glance of hers I never could forget. Whatever it might have meant it would always be treasured with a sweet de-

light that my calmest reasoning could not drive from me. How much time passed ere I received an answer I shall never know. Perhaps a few seconds, but it seemed as if an age of happiness floated by, ere that sweet voice by my side replied, "It is the one song I never sing. I cannot. Do you not think, Mr. Faulconer, that the author of that song and of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' has done a real service to the world? Both ring so true, and so much is written that will not bear that simple test."

"I quite agree with you," I answered, "and I more than half think I have met the young lady who just sang. Yes, I can see her through the doorway now. It is Ethel Mayberry, a near neighbor and old friend of mine, in America. Would you like to go in and meet her? She is lively, but straight-forward, and that is a passport to your favor. She is certainly very pretty. Will you go?"

"Not tonight, please," said Philippa, "unless you very much wish it;" and we sat as before a while, until turning again to me she asked—"am I to know sometime why you prefer me to call you 'Mr. Faulconer,' or is that to be always a secret?"

"I certainly shall tell you why, one day," I replied, "and I wish I could tonight, but I ought not, cannot make my reason known at present; so you will let me have *my* reservation a little longer, I know.

You have one also, I remember, about dancing. Perhaps when you tell the reason for your reservation, I can tell mine." She blushed very slightly, as if she had begun to understand now why she had long ago made it, and answered. "I am very well content to wait till the time arrives when you can tell me." We went below soon, and after I had left her with Mrs. Larch, I sat in my state room for an hour, trying to review the evening's events, and make a satisfactory decision as to some of them; but finally retired, still perplexed, though happy.

When I met Philippa the next morning at breakfast, she looked a little pale and tired, but assured me she had not been at all seasick, and that the fresh air would soon make her feel all right.

Many of the passengers were not so fortunate, and our table was not a very full one. Among the few there, I found Ethel Mayberry, who exclaimed on seeing me, "Why Phil, where *did* you come from! and where is McGinty? How could you have had the heart to leave him at the bottom of the sea, 'dressed in his best suit of clothes?' Were you jealous of their fit? But seriously, Phil, if you did not come from the bottom of the sea, where was it from? There is only one other explanation possible, and that is the very unlikely one that you were talking all last evening to some pretty girl, oblivious to all else. I call

that unlikely, for I know how unimpressionable you always have been."

I did not quite like all this, but it was useless to attempt to stop Miss Ethel Mayberry until she was quite ready.

I assured her that McGinty was well, at last accounts, and that I must now introduce her to Mrs. Larch and my cousin Philippa, who would be her fellow voyagers as far as Egypt. Ethel said that would be jolly, and now introduced us in turn to her aunt, (Miss Mayberry also) and to Jack Spaulding, a London broker of about her own age, who had been out to New Zealand on some business for his firm. Each of these young people was about twenty-two, and full of such high spirits that dull care would not dare to enter while they were present on the steamer.

They were a fine looking couple, and seemed so well fitted for each other that I jumped to the conclusion that they were engaged, though I soon found my mistake in this.

They were excellent friends, however, and good types of a class who make the world merrier and better with the sunshine they bring to it.

"We enjoyed your singing last evening very much, Ethel," said I, "and after your rendering of 'Si tu savais,' and one or two other songs, I was almost sure I recognized your voice; though I would not disturb your equanimity by suddenly appearing."

"That was very considerate," said Ethel, with a pretty little pout of protest, however. "You know how easily my aplomb is disturbed, Phil! Now it will be your cousin's turn. She sings, I suppose?

As this remark was addressed to me, and as I saw a little hesitation in Philippa about answering for me, I said—"My cousin has had such a hard parting lately from her lifelong, dearest friends, that I do not think we can get her to sing at present, but I have prescribed for her a receptive mind for the diversions of the rest of us.

She has had her full share of care and can try now a little season of irresponsibility with real benefit."

"Mr. Faulconer is very kind to put it that way," said Philippa, with a grateful glance in my direction, "but it is perhaps a little too comfortable for me. I have travelled so little, though, Miss Mayberry, that you cannot tell how new and strange everything is—the ocean, this steamer and the little world upon it; and just to sit and look about me for a while may be excusable until I am more accustomed to this new life. I begin to think that mine has been a rather secluded one so far, though very pleasant—most of it."

I felt that the corner was now safely turned, and knew that Philippa would not again be asked to sing, which I had seen would not be agreeable to her. Ethel insisted,

however, that Philippa should not again address her as Miss Mayberry. "My aunt is that, and it is too confusing. Besides, I am always Ethel to everybody that I like. Do you see the implication, Philippa?"

She favored us with a full account of her doings since leaving America, which had been partly for her health. She had come via San Francisco, and would therefore have made the circuit of the world on reaching New York again.

During the day we chatted and read in a group of four for the most part, though Jack, as he insisted on my calling him, and I, had the smoking room for an extra resource. I found myself less frequently there, however, than on the former voyage, and shall not weary my readers with any more philosophy drawn from thence.

We promenaded the decks a good deal, as in duty bound for exercise; and I told Philippa that this was excellent practice as a step toward that larger knowledge of the world that she desired, as I presumed; for Jack and Ethel were the best types of a good class. In the changing about, it was often her lot to walk with Jack, and I found that he had been successful in his wish that she also should call him by the familiar name.

In the evening we were not always in the larger group, but occasionally Philippa and I were alone.

It would have thrilled me with an additional joy if I had dared to believe that she took half the pleasure in these meetings that I did!

I was sitting one evening in my favorite place, a little retired from most of the promenaders, with another chair placed beside my own, which I hoped Philippa might eventually take, though just then she was being monopolized by Ethel. I had been thinking that the latter was having more than her share of my cousin's company, and was rather afraid she knew it and was enjoying the situation at my expense; when at length they stopped their walk at my chair. I was sure Ethel had one of her preposterous and unanswerable questions ready to launch at me, by the look in her eye.

"Do you know what a dear little thing this is?" she said.

"If you refer to my cousin," I responded, "I have always understood she was prudent in her expenditures; but what purchases have you inveigled her into, now? I know your lavish ways, though what you have found to buy on this steamer, I cannot imagine."

"Isn't he provoking and altogether horrid?" exclaimed Ethel; "but it was just so when we were children together," she continued with a pensive air, as if the retrospect was rather pleasingly painful. "As neither of you is nice about answering my questions, I shall

go away and leave you," and she was gone ere I could find a fitting retort.

"She is very pretty, and true as gold, I am sure," said Philippa, looking after her, and pausing a moment ere she took the seat beside which I stood. She added in a moment, — "It seems strange, somehow, that you should have known her all your life." I remained silent, for I was more interested just then in seeing that Philippa was seated and her wraps adjusted than in reminiscences of Ethel's childhood.

Presently she looked up and said: "I have never thanked you, Mr. Faulconer, for taking my part so quickly about that singing the other day. I couldn't have done it, and it was very kind of you to help me. But how did you know that I felt so about it?"

"It would be hard to tell how I know a great many things about you, Philippa; but you forget, you have already thanked me."

She smiled, as if pleased that I remembered her glance of thanks, for she was too honest to pretend that she did not know what I meant. "You read my face well," she said.

"I try to, Philippa, but once or twice I have not been quite sure" — and then I stopped, as I found I was drifting upon dangerous ground.

In a few moments she spoke again.

"I do not wonder you think of me as a child yet. I did not quite like it at first, but I am beginning to see how little I know of

many things deemed requisites by most people. Do you care very much for what is generally called society?"

"I have sometimes thought, not enough," I replied — "for I know there are many good good things within it if the word is rightly construed. Pleasant companionship, new friendships sometimes, the attrition of bright minds; for all there, is not frivolity, selfishness, or worse, as some would have us believe. Yet unless I force myself, or am forced, I do not think I shall ever go into society much. To give one's self up to it absorbs too much time for the result gained, it seems to me."

"I feel much the same about it," she responded, "but I know you wish me to taste its joys, before I decide to forsake the world!" and she added, with a smile; "Is it not so?"

"Yes, I want you to have a fair chance for measurement and comparison, before you decide — before you settle down," I amended somewhat lamely. She burst into a merry laugh in which I joined, though I am not sure that either of us could have said just why we laughed. Perhaps I saw a difficult situation relieved by it, but her laughter was so merry that I never could resist joining in it.

The days had passed all too quickly, when good-byes were to be said for the present, but the time had come; and there were compensations — for I could spare Jack awhile, much as I liked him. He and Philippa were ex-

cellent friends, and they had necessarily been together a good deal. He had a freer hand to try for her regard than I, at present. He would have called himself "handicapped" if he had been in my place. It would be a fairer field when we all met in June again, at the Lodge, where Philippa was to have a house party. Yes, I could spare Jack now. So we parted with "au revoirs;" they proceeding direct to England, while we were to have a glimpse of Egypt, Italy and Switzerland, first.

I should forever treasure those evenings on deck with Philippa, for so much I had secured at least, that I could call my own. How heartily Jack had accepted the invitation to the Lodge! That was a week ago, and I had been fool enough to think Ethel might have been the reason for his radiance. Was not Philippa the magnet, rather? It looked probable.

We parted from another of our fellow passengers with much regret. I have not alluded to Miss Edith Manners, but she had excited no little interest in Philippa's mind, which of itself would have interested me; though I had observed her before we spoke of her to each other.

She was of a distinctly different type from either Philippa, Grace, or Ethel — tall, almost statuesque in form, with a face that many called cold, and all admitted was beautiful.

The opinion, in fact, had been rather freely

expressed in the ship, that she was a decidedly unimpassioned young lady, and though none called her haughty, she was considered rather unapproachable. I had ventured an early judgment on her when I saw my cousin's interest.

"So far from being cold," I said, "whoever gains her heart will be rewarded with such a wealth of affection, that he will never cease to congratulate himself that he was the one man who had power to loose the torrent." Philippa looked at me a little quizzically for a moment, and then laughed outright. "I was thinking," she said, "that if Ethel had heard you, she would have declared you spoke far from impersonally!"

"She would be nearer the truth if she said 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' That would be a riddle for her to solve," I answered.

Philippa looked as if this was a puzzle to her also; but gave it up for the present and said, "Seriously, Mr. Faulconer, I think you are right, and I will say to you, that there are special reasons, I am sure, why Edith should now be granted the seclusion she has sought, from most. She has had much to make her anxious and I believe is acting a brave part."

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE—COMO—CHAMOUNIX.

A month in Egypt. The reader knows what that means, and this is not a book of travel, but of love experiences; a theme large enough for most, if too restricted for a few. Unhappy few! I confess that I felt no surer of the final outcome as time went on; but the more thickly difficulties arose, the more determined I was to surmount them. It seemed sometimes almost absurd to suppose it possible that I could ever really engage the affection of Philippa in the only way I wished. I knew that she liked me in frank and friendly fashion, but she had not given me many opportunities lately of reading her face; and I was not unaware of many deficiencies in myself where others excelled.

Our route for the present was Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi, La Cava, Pompeii, Rome, Florence and Venice.

It was a revelation to Philippa of lovely scenery, and beautiful works of art, that might well drive from her mind any superficial impression I had made.

How delighted she was in the drive from Sorrento to Amalfi and La Cava; and I could not resist her enthusiasm over the wonders of Pompeii, the art treasures of Rome and Florence, or the never-ending charms of Venice.

Miss Mitchell's account of this last place was in my mind as we stepped into the gondola, and silently wound our way through the water pathways to the hotel on the Grand Canal.

I do not know that we spoke a word. All that I remember, is a little pressure on my arm as we came out into the broader water, and slowly passed the old palaces; with music sounding near us, and the notes of a fine tenor voice floating back from a distant gondola. I did not stir, nor hardly breathe, lest Philippa's little hand should leave my arm; but I looked at her face so radiant with happiness, and so unconscious of her movement (except the desire that I should share with her) until she must have felt my glance.

She looked up a moment, and the slightest color came to her cheeks, as she gently and slowly released my arm. "I have enjoyed it more, so—together—Philippa," I whispered; but she did not answer, or raise her head.

Would she have had a response ready for Jack? I could not tell. There were many things I could not tell about her, lately.

And so Venice had brought me alternations of joy, disquiet, and happiness again—as I saw her happy.

We were two weeks there, and became so familiar with the streets and waterways as to feel quite at home.

Mrs. Larch was more interested in the contents of the shops in the great square by San

Marco, than in the cathedral itself; and Philippa was very patient in going time and again to view the glittering displays, which had not quite so strong a hold upon her. We both felt that Mrs. Larch had been exceedingly kind in deferring her homeward journey long enough for us to see much on the continent that we desired.

As we sat in Florian's the night before our departure, slowly sipping ices, and enjoying the life and brightness of the matchless square dominated by San Marco and the Campanile, I said to Philippa, "What have you enjoyed the most, of all you have seen since landing at Naples—the drive from Sorrento to Amalfi—the streets and houses of Pompeii—the amphitheatre at Rome with its noble surroundings—the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence—or that first entrance to Venice? to say nothing of Giacosa's at Florence and Florian's here."

She laughed at my conclusion, and replied, "I do believe that those cakes and candies at Giacosa's are the best in the world, and the ices here are very refreshing. It certainly is a comfort to revive the body with such nectar and ambrosia, when both mind and heart have been so exalted and entranced! But seriously, Mr. Faulconer, though you have mentioned very dissimilar things, I can answer at once that the first evening in Venice made the strongest impression. I can never forget it," she added slowly.

"Nor I. 'While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe,' I shall remember that night, Phillippa."

She seemed a little uncertain whether I meant to cover some real trouble under the quotation; but presently replied—"You have not been *really* distracted in this peaceful place, I am sure."

"No, not beyond cure," I said recklessly, for sometimes my self-imposed task to be no more in her charming presence than a staid caretaker and counsellor, was too hard a role to act quite consistently. "Yes, all is wonderfully beautiful here, Philippa," I continued in another strain, "but wonders yet remain ahead of us. 'The performance is not half over ,' as they used to say in my boyhood days at the circus; thus reassuring my anxious spirit, for I could never get enough of it. We have yet to take the Italian lakes, Switzerland, Paris, and best of all, your own England. I hope you may see Devon and Cornwall there, sometime—and I too." I did not say together, but a wild dream so framed it in my mind—for a wedding trip!

We left Venice with the regret all feel who have experienced the charm of that most wonderful of cities; and after proceeding to Milan and seeing its beautiful cathedral, we went to Como and took steamer for Bellagio. The day was one of those perfect ones that Italy so often grants the traveller, and as we

sailed out on the lake that some call the most beautiful in the world, we were nearly ready to believe it.

I had been talking with the ladies but a few minutes, when I heard a scream, and turning quickly, saw that a peasant woman's baby had dropped from her arms, by some clumsy movement, into the lake. I threw my coat into Philippa's lap, and jumped into the water in time, as it proved, to reach the little one while its clothes were still buoyant.

Philippa's quick wit had been shown by throwing after me a seat, which helped to keep our heads above water until we were picked up.

All the blessings imaginable were showered upon me by the mother, whose grief had been so vociferous, that it had been hard for Philippa to convince her that the baby was safe with me.

My cousin's face was very pale as I came aboard, but she held her feelings resolutely in check, save a look in her eyes which showed that joy at my safety, had but just taken the place of an agonizing fear of disaster.

I thanked her for that thought of the seat, and assured her I was none the worse for my bath. "You know," I said, "as a swimmer, how little risk I ran. I will confess that instead of being impelled by a proper spirit in my task, I entered the water with a vexed feeling at the woman's carelessness, whereby

I was to be made uncomfortable for the rest of the sail. I cooled off soon, however, and have returned in a better spirit than I went, with a new cause for blessing you."

We stopped at that hotel (a dependence of the Grand Bretagne) which is so charmingly situated above the town of Bellagio. After a walk around the promontory, we returned to the hotel and sat that evening under the fine trees close beside it. Mrs. Larch soon retired, but Philippa and I lingered long to enjoy the beautiful view, first in the twilight and later bathed in the rays of the moon.

No one who has been to this spot, can ever forget its own delightful surroundings, or the larger setting of the whole promontory, like a gem encircled by the azure resplendence of a larger gem.

The snow had not yet left the higher mountains to the north of us, but the nightingales were already here, and their melody was the last touch needed to make a perfect paradise, as Philippa said. I wanted to answer that the last touch had come with *her* presence!

I suppose there could not have been selected a pathway through Europe better designed to make a young man, of any sentiment, long to clasp such a companion to the heart that ached for her. Could I be excused for not doing it? Fate put hard junctures before me.

At Venice, a matchless night, as we floated along in our gondola to music's accompaniment — here a night as lovely, a scene as fair, with the nightingale's notes the new accompaniment.

She and I still, side by side, but not even hands clasped!

Why did I not pour forth my love at such a time as this, and take her heart captive by the mighty force that ruled my own? Why not, indeed, *try* at any hazard! Heaven knows that it would have been a relief to my spirit to risk all, and either get rest for an aching heart in the bliss of her answering love, or, if that was not to be, learn the worst.

"Fulfil your trust, Phil!" my father's voice seemed to say, and I arose as if that thought of what my father would have said, had sounded in my ear.

Philippa arose, too, and laying her hand upon my arm for a moment, said very gently, "Something troubles you. Can I not help?"

I must have shown more of the conflict within me than I meant my face should disclose, to have this sweet offer of help, which I could not misunderstand. Already it comforted me.

"My dear child," I answered, "You have helped me and done me good from the time we first met. I arose at the call of duty, which seemed to come from my father, as if he had spoken. 'Fulfil your trust, Phil!' were the

words, and fulfil it I must, if it seems hard at times."

"I am sure you will," said Philippa, lifting her eyes to mine, though they were shining with emotion, "and before we part for the night, I want you to know that I have ever trusted, and ever will, that you will do what duty to yourself, to him, to me, demands. One thing more I must tell you"—and here her voice trembled a little—"how grateful to God I am that he spared your life today. The prayer that he would do so was in my heart, while you were struggling to save that little child. It became a prayer of thankfulness."

"God bless you, Philippa," I said, "for your prayers, and all that you have done, are ever doing for me, by your confidence, your trust."

We went in now, both quietly happy, I believe.

The next day we went to Cadenabbia and staid a day or two at the Britannia Hotel very pleasantly, then across to lake Lugano, and via the St. Gotthard Pass to Goeschenen, over the Furca Pass to Brieg, railroad to Martigny and over the Tête Noir to Chamounix. There are two hotels called "Couttet," at Chamounix, both good, but we were very little within the walls of the one chance allotted to us. The weather was too fine to stay inside, and our time was employed with trips to the Bossons Glacier, up the Montanvert and across the Mer de Glace, etc.

There was one spot on the hillside, not far from the hotel, that was a favorite resort of ours during the week of our stay.

The view of Mt. Blanc in all its majesty was superb from here, and Philippa never tired of looking at it, nor I of watching her.

She received a characteristic letter from Ethel while at Chamounix, in which there was an account of a visit paid to the Lodge.

"I could not wait until you slow people got here, so auntie and I left London for a short visit to Eastbourne, incidentally calling on Mrs. Brown at the Lodge, your dear Faulconridge, as you will soon learn to call it. Mrs. Brown is a good soul, kindness itself, and can hardly wait to see you.

The house is spick and span, from cellar to garret, or top of tower if you prefer; and she showed me the room there that Phil occupied. I was nearly overcome with emotion as I stood by the very window in that eyrie from which he once looked; and I tried to imagine what his thoughts were then.

Tell him that I have a lot of questions that nobody but he can answer, and he is always so good about it! I want to see him very much, as well as you. I wonder if he remembers how I used to call him a pokey boy, at school, and how it teased him!

Afterwards he joined a base ball team as short stop, to show he wasn't pokey, I suppose. That makes me think of a conun-

drum — 'Why is Phil like cricket?' The answer is obvious — 'Both are so slow!'

We went to see a game at Lord's, but did not stay very long. It won't compare with base ball for snap and go. We have been to the theatre in London a great deal, to grand opera some, besides galleries, drives, walks, and countless excursions in the vicinity.

Jack and I are counting the days until you return. He has asked me so often the date of your house party that I advised him finally to enter it in his notes. I think he has. A great deal of love to you, and a little to Phil, though he doesn't deserve it."

"There is a good deal of Phil in it, isn't there?" remarked Philippa.

"Yes," I replied, "and in your answer just say from me that her letter was a veritable love Phil-ter—yet no real fillip in it! She deserves it for her conundrum, and other enormities that I can read between the lines. Do you remember what utterly unanswerable questions she used to delight in propounding?"

"Yes, I remember one or two of them," said Philippa, laughing, and then flushing a little. "One was whether you were not 'provoking and altogether horrid!' Of course I could not assent to such a sweeping statement while in your care—even if I had thought so!"

"Another," said I, "was whether you were not a 'dear little thing'—to which I gave what the Irishman called an evasive answer — for

I would not commit myself to her on so personal a matter. It would not do to assent to it while I was responsible for your care, of course!"

Philippa laughed at my using her own words so nearly, but neither of us pursued the subject any further.

From Chamounix to Geneva, where the ladies wished to make some purchases, and renew their wardrobes a little; and then we went to the other end of the lake, Lausanne, Vevey and Montreux, for a few days. At Montreux we stopped at an excellent pension above the main town, in the part called La Planche. We took delightful walks from here, but our favorite ramble in the evening was to the old church, quite close to us, the little terrace there affording a grand view, as we sat and talked of many things — of all except what was nearest to my heart. I remember the last time that we sat there, both unwilling to leave such a lovely scene, and how at length conversation ceased. I wondered if she would ever care to know what I had been thinking about. It was of love's stepping-stones, if by any possibility I could call them so. Mine were reckoned in order; the seat in the park where I first met her — the boat where she gave me that look of trust — the steamer where she gave me that other look, whose meaning I dared not hope too much from — the gondola where she touched my

arm—Bellagio, where she told me of her grateful prayer—and here by the old church, which I would have liked to enter and bring her forth my bride!

The steps had not reached so far as that, but had there been any progression to *her*, in these stepping-stones of mine?

We were a week in Paris, and enjoyed it, although the city had not, nor ever could have, the hold on me that London had taken. There we next arrived.

We had pleasant quarters in Bloomsbury, and as I did not know when Philippa might again have an opportunity to see the metropolis, and as she seemed also in no hurry to leave my care, we gave several days to sight-seeing there.

This included the usual round of places visited by travelers, besides the theatres, concerts and opera; nor did we forget a visit to the trim cricket ground at Lord's, and a boat race at Henley.

The theatres were giving some good bills while we were there, and I was glad to enjoy with her, two favorites of mine in comedy—"As you like it" and "Our boys."

It was now time to proceed to the home of Philippa's youth, where, my trust having been fulfilled, what remained for me to do?

Philippa had said I would do my duty. What was it?

CHAPTER X.

AT THE LODGE.

Mrs. Brown stood in the doorway as we drove up, and I could see that her eyes were misty, and her hands in a little tremor of expectation, ere we alighted. We needed no introduction, nor was there time, for she took Philippa right to her arms, after one look had been exchanged. I think they both shed a few tears, and even practical Mrs. Larch took off her glasses and rubbed them vigorously.

Now that her mission was finished, she prepared to leave us, but neither Mrs. Brown nor Philippa would permit this yet; and the driver was told to wait, while Mrs. Larch tarried at least long enough for a cup of tea. This done, she insisted on leaving for her train, after Philippa and I had most fervently thanked her for the kind oversight of my cousin.

"It is an office I would have refused to undertake for most people," said she, "but Dr. Pell has been too good a friend to refuse him anything I could in reason do. As for you young folks, I was assured that you were old enough to take pretty good care of yourselves. This has proved true—as also of each other!" she smilingly added. "Nor have you forgotten to be kind and thoughtful to me,

as I shall write the doctor. Good-bye to you both, and may happiness come to your lives, whether near, or far apart. Remember that I live in Lynton, if either of you ever gets so far as Devonshire."

When the door was closed, we sat for some time in silence, our hearts full of many things.

Mrs. Brown aroused herself at last to what she considered her duty, and took Philippa to her room, turning to me on the threshold, however, as she said, "I was right, you see, about the likeness to her grandmother's portrait!"

"You were, Mrs. Brown," I answered, "and it was by that picture I found her."

She was gone some time with Philippa, and on their return I was told how the good woman had already planned out everything for their living together, subject to Philippa's approval on arrival.

Mrs. Brown would be cook and housekeeper, while her deft little grand niece, Polly, would serve as housemaid and general helper, their rooms being located in the ell over the kitchen.

That left the main house at Philippa's disposal, and though not large, it was as comfortable and homelike as could be desired. Philippa chose the room in the tower, which I had once occupied, for her own, and there were three rooms left for guests. On the first floor there was the parlor, dining room,

conservatory, and a cozy little study or library, where my father had placed a few good books of reference, and some well-selected fiction.

"I have found your father's hand everywhere," said Philippa, "in my tour of the house, and these books are my especial favorites. I have not many, and almost all of them are here, as if he had known my taste. How could he?"

"They were his favorites, too," said I, "and mine, and he may have thought your choice would not be far different."

"I have so often said 'this is all so strange!' Mr. Faulconer, that I will not repeat it; and indeed I feel as if I could now change it, and say 'how natural it all seems.'

Every moment that passes fastens something new upon my affection; yes, your father was right in believing that love would awaken in me for the home of my ancestors. I do love it, and I love your father, next to my own, who in this house clasped me to him with a fear, beneath his deep affection, for my future.

He knows now how I have been cared for, and blesses his distant kinsman. You must excuse my tears, Mr. Faulconer. I am afraid there is something of the child in me still; and so much has been done for me, so many memories are awakened here, that I was for a moment overcome."

I answered only by taking her hand in

mine, to show that I understood it all; and strove as well as I could to keep the love that filled my heart, from showing in my face, much as I longed to take her to my heart and comfort her there.

Miss Mitchell would have said, doubtless, "Why not?" Yet I knew it could not be right for me to declare my love now. Not when Philippa was unnerved, and moved by many things other than love of me, if indeed that had any part.

It would be fairer to her, to ask for that heart's answer to mine, after she had become accustomed to her surroundings and to the new life; and when other friends had been here, Ethel—and Jack. The hardest, but the truest, bravest way to win her, was to wait. It could not be for long, now.

I told Philippa that I must return at once to London, but should come to her house party the following week. Meanwhile, she would have become used to her daily round, and undoubtedly would see many of her father's friends, who as we knew from Mrs. Brown, had made numerous inquiries as to the time of her arrival. "You will have a busy week, Philippa, in entertaining callers, and undoubtedly in going out yourself a good deal—to afternoon teas, lawn parties, a formal dinner or two and perhaps a picnic. So you should not be lonesome. Had you feared that the life might be rather a narrow one?"

She passed this lightly by, and I knew without her telling me, that a simple country life would well content one so resourceful.

She had seemed a little startled, however, at what I first said, about my immediate departure.

"You have taken good care of me, Mr. Faulconer," she said, "and well fulfilled the trust your father gave you. Promise me now to take good care of yourself until you join my little party next week—the first I ever gave; but you will all be indulgent critics to my youth and inexperience. As to being lonesome, you know, I think, that it would never be from the cause you spoke of."

She looked up half shyly a moment, as she finished, and my heart fluttered with a wild hope that it was in my absence, only, she might have such a feeling!

She continued presently—with a rather wan little smile—"How close to your heart you keep that idea of my seeing the world—'opportunity for comparisons' you once called it. You see how well I remember! Well, I will try and crowd all the comparisons possible into the week, ere I see you!" she said merrily at last, as she held out her hand—and I left her. I looked back a moment later, on hearing a low exclamation from her, to see my old friend, the robin, coming to her for crumbs.

"Your messenger, again!" she said. "I wonder what he has to say this time?"

"Whatever it is, give him all the comfort you can," I replied, and the last thing I saw, as I turned the lane, was a pretty picture of Philippa feeding the robin from one hand, while she waved the other to me in final adieu. God bless and keep her! I thought.

On my return to London I found a letter awaiting me from Dr. Pell, which will explain itself.

DEAR MR. FAULCONER—

Yours from Cairo received, asking if by any possibility I could get for you the brother of Major, on the next farm to mine.

They would not part with him, but thinking Major himself may do as well, or better, I shall ship him in care of a second class passenger, to be delivered you in person, at your London address. He will arrive within a week or so of this letter.

I may have an idea of what disposition you will make of him, but whether I am right or not, he is at your own disposal. We shall miss him for a time, but a puppy of the same breed is trying to console Minnie, or cajole her, by his antics, for the loss of Philippa.

We all miss the dear child very much, and you must give her the love of the whole household. Mrs. Pell will write her soon, and I must close this to catch the steamer.

Yours truly,

J. C. PELL.

To say that this letter gave me pleasure, would lightly express it, for I had not dreamed of Major's coming.

It would bring joy to Philippa's heart when she saw him, and if he arrived in time, as I hoped, she could have him instead of the one I had intended for her seventeenth birthday.

He would be a good companion, a faithful guardian for the house, and an ever present reminder of the far away household so dear to her.

I was glad to remember that he had early shown his approval of me, and that I should have one friend at court now.

Jack sauntered in one evening, and had a cigar with me.

He said that Ethel and her aunt were at Oxford for a few days, but would be back in time to accept Philippa's invitation. He talked more of the latter than he did of Ethel, but said rather loftily, "She is a very good kind of girl, only different from Philippa." I replied rather warmly, that Ethel was as bright and true-hearted a girl as one could meet almost anywhere, and as I had known her from a child I could the better testify to it.

"Yes," said Jack, "you have known her longer than I have, when one comes to think of it; but then I always make quick decisions, and so I did in her case. We have to decide quickly in my business. Millions depend on it, sometimes.

Mind you Phil, I like Ethel just the same. Don't misunderstand me. She has many good points, of course."

Poor Ethel, coolly dismissed from the conversation, as if she were a block of shares in one of Jack's confounded companies! He might as well have been on the floor of the Exchange bidding her up and down, and finally pocketing his memorandum, deciding not to take the lot. It would be ludicrous if it were not tragic for her. Poor Ethel! That is, if she loved Jack.

"Well," he said, finally, "I must be off. No idea it was so late. Hope you will be at the Lodge, too. Don't forget day and date."

Forget! I should rather say not, and don't delude yourself Mr. Jack about my not being there!

I had never seen him appear to worse advantage.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONSERVATORY.

I know the reader will say that I ought to have shunned the conservatory at all hazards, for conservatories have ever been productive of misunderstandings, and have shipwrecked many a poor lover's hopes. I knew all this, but I was prepared to defy augury, and wherever I found Philippa alone, there would I declare my love. It happened to be in the conservatory, on the afternoon of my arrival, that I first saw her. How impatient I had been for the time to come when I could honestly put the question that made my life; for I scarcely dared think what life would be without Philippa.

She was standing with her face turned away from me as I entered, but heard my footsteps, and came to meet me with a smile of welcome.

As she took my hand, she must have seen something in my face that told my errand, for she flushed slightly, and then, as I still kept her hand, the eyes that had questioned mine timidly a moment, dropped their gaze, while her cheeks lost their color now.

I whispered, "Do you know, Philippa, what I have come to say?"

She gave me one glance, so full of trust—of

love, I dared to think—that I had nearly caught her to my heart; when staying me with her little hand, she said in the low, sweet voice that was always so dear to me, "I think I know, but are you sure?"

"Sure that I love you, Philippa, and ever have, as my very life, since first we met!" I thought for a moment, she would come now to my arms, but she controlled whatever emotion it was that moved her, and said, "Mr. Faulconer, I know you are honest in your belief and declaration; but I have been thinking of many things since you were here, and trying to think them all out the right way.

Are you sure there is not illusion in this, and that duty to your father, to me, has not raised an image in your mind, rather than your heart?

Do not for your sake, for mine, whose love you seek, place in your heart anything but a true image.

You have known others much longer, have seen them tried as I have not yet been, and found them true.

Is not some one of these a better choice? May not one indeed have a better claim upon your heart, in having loved you before I—ever saw you."

As she concluded, with a little tremor in her voice in spite of herself, I could only say, "But *you*, Philippa—do you love me, my darling? That is all I ask."

I cannot tell what her reply would have been, but I know I was the second time almost folding my arms about her, when, as if in answer to my question, came the words—"Dids't thou but know how I adore thee! Dids't thou but know!"—carolled forth in Ethel's rich contralto voice, and followed by her footsteps, which paused as she reached the door.

A ceremonious knocking, and then she called out, "Puss, Puss in the corner!" and danced radiantly in, remarking, "I always say that before I come into a conservatory, they are such terribly risky places. I hoped you were alone, but it is best to be sure always."

I perceived now that Philippa had glided out by the other door while Ethel was going through her elaborate formalities.

I turned to Ethel, so savage within, that I would not trust my voice, but she had relapsed from her gay mood to a sad and pensive one.

"I wanted to talk with you, Phil, about old times, those early days when we were children together—and a little later, too." Here followed a long pause and then she said, "It cannot be today, I see. It was about that receipt for caramels; the kind we both liked so much. I thought you might remember—but don't try, your mind is not at ease evidently, and I am very much afraid it is because you have been bad, or are going to be.

Let me know if I can help you, Phil," she said, gaily—"I mean if I can help you to be *good*!" she called back, and was gone.

Jack and Ethel between them, had done their best to wreck my hopes, that was evident; Ethel by her untimely visit—and Jack—where was he? Trying for Philippa's hand at this moment, perhaps. His decisions were "quickly made," he had said.

Did she care for him? I hoped and believed not. If, however, the idea possessed Philippa, that Ethel's heart had been already given me—even without my knowledge—it was evident that she would not, as a new comer to my life, place herself where Ethel had the prior right.

I was thankful that Philippa had not heard those words that Ethel had so softly, sadly uttered, about the "days when we were children together, and a little later, too"—followed by such a suggestive pause.

There would have seemed but one construction to that, unless she had also heard about the caramels. I went through the conservatory to the door by which Philippa must have departed, but it was locked upon the other side!

How then could she have gone? Except for an open window, no other exit was to be had. I looked out, but escape was impossible that way, for the ravine ran around the base of the tower here like a natural moat. Only a long jump could have cleared it.

I looked again and saw faint footprints on the soft uneven ground upon the other side.

Philippa had jumped!

She had heard those first words, and, dreading to come upon Ethel's sadness in that pause, had dared the leap to save her friend's peace of mind.

All this for caramels! and my heart bleeding; while Philippa ought to have been resting her own there, to heal mine.

She should yet if I had power to make her see clearly that her path and mine lay henceforward together, away from such pitfalls. I jumped this one, however, hoping it might be the last chasm between us, and landed about as she had done, wondering still more how she could have accomplished it.

My present plan was to take her with me to Ethel, and when that young lady had cleared the situation and been properly reproved, if repentant she should have her receipt for caramels—eventually.

My spirits rose at this programme, but nowhere could I find my cousin; and only when evening came did she appear, with the imperturbable Jack, of course. Her face looked pale and a little drawn, as if she was in some pain. Had he also spoken to her in words of love?

This first evening at the Lodge was not quite the joyous occasion we had anticipated. In completing the circle I had apparently brought anything but good cheer with me.

Even Ethel's spirits were not proof against the pervading gloom, and whispering in my ear as if in long-understood confidence (for which choking would have been a light punishment) "It is in the air Phil, can't you dispel it?"—she went to the piano and commenced to sing "Wait till the clouds roll by!"

We all laughed, and did our parts better then until we retired; which, by mutual agreement, was early.

There had been no opportunity to get Ethel and Philippa where I could clear matters as I had hoped, and tomorrow I must be back in London for a day or two.

I lit a cigar and sat by the window for a long time before going to my bed, trying to review an eventful day, and lay out a more successful plan for the future.

About midnight, when my cigar was just finished, I heard a light footstep approach my door, and a letter was pushed under it. I waited until the steps could no longer be heard, and then lit my candle and picked up the letter.

It was in Philippa's hand I was sure, though I had never had a letter from her before; and I took an illogical pleasure in gazing some time at the address before opening the envelope. It read thus:

"My Dear Mr. Faulconer—

I have been so unfortunate, as to sprain my ankle, and shall have to rest it in the morn-

ing, so I fear I cannot see you before you go on your errand to London, tomorrow. You were to be back, you said, on my birthday, and I shall be much better then, I am sure.

You have the right to an early response to what you said today, and I wish you to have this, therefore, before you go to London.

I have no doubt you believe you love me, and I know you would always care for me, tenderly and truly; but you heard your old playmate's words, as I was forced to do.

Should you not search your heart first of all for a response to her love?

You knew her so many years before you met me, that it is only her right that you should do this.

I wish you to understand how deeply I feel all you have done for my happiness and welfare, and if I say that I shall always trust you utterly, may not that serve almost as well as if I had the right to say—'I love you?'

I do not know how much happiness may be meant for me here on earth, but I know I shall find some in my nightly prayer for you and yours.

Your loving cousin,

PHILIPPA."

I blessed my true-hearted darling from the bottom of my heart, and then quickly answered thus:

"My Darling Philippa—

I am going to bed happier, far happier then I

ever was before, or could ever have hoped to be. Your letter gives me this joy, because your love stole into it unawares and told me its message, notwithstanding your words.

Meet me at the arbor on your birthday, dearest, at ten in the morning, after disposing of Jack and Ethel. They won't mind where, if they are together, I am very sure.

I will tell you why I *formerly* preferred 'Mr. Faulconer' to 'Philip' (from you) and some other things you may like to hear. A mutual friend will be present at our meeting.

Your own

PHIL."

This letter was placed where she would not fail to see it in the morning, whose first breaking was very near, ere my eyes were closed in sleep and deep thankfulness.

CHAPTER XII.

"MAJOR" SETTLES IT.

When I came in sight of the little arbor, nestled in the far corner of Philippa's manor of one acre, a pretty picture presented itself. Major was pleading my cause to the best of his ability, with persuasive eyes and uplifted paw—while Philippa, *my* Philippa! was brushing aside a few tears, that I was presuming enough to believe came from a heart too happy to repress them.

"Philip!" was all she said, but her eyes spoke the rest, as I clasped her to my heart at last, without a growl from Major at my hardihood.

After I had asked a few questions, and stopped the answers before they were half spoken, she hid her blushes on my shoulder, and we sat in happy silence.

Raising her head finally, Philippa said, "Phil darling, I know why you preferred that I should call you 'Mr. Faulconer' in those now distant days. It was because you wanted me to wait until I could say something nice *with* Phil!"

"And you"—I replied, "wanted no other arm about you, even in a dance, preferring to wait for mine. My arms, as well as my heart, have been fairly aching for you, Philippa!

This is the third time I have tried to clasp you in them, within a few days."

"It *was* hard, for both of us, in the conservatory; but if you failed there twice, Phil, you, evidently remembered what Rory O'Moore said—judging from your present position!"

"How do you like the presence of a mutual friend?" I asked, soon after. "Is it not rather embarrassing to have him here, just now?"

"How good of you! for my birthday; and how did you accomplish it? I found him here when I reached the arbor, and we cried for joy at the meeting, at least I did—for that, and thinking of how I loved you."

"It must have been our good fairy, the robin, that enabled me to deliver Major safely to you, and also to secure the right size for this ring that I am slipping on your finger, Philippa."

"She looked grave for a moment, as the solemn feeling of all it meant came over her, and then came closer still to me, in quiet trustfulness.

"Do you know, Phil," she said presently, "I believe I loved you at that first meeting in Auckland, for I really knew then what my answer would be to the robin's message. I felt still more of it in the row-boat, and on the steamer—when you drew my wrap about me—I was *sur*e of the love in my heart. It has been a regular progression since—at Venice, Como, Montreux, everywhere. Is it not

wonderful that love can increase so, and never cease? But Phil, what *was* Ethel talking about?"

"A receipt for caramels, my dear, as you would have learned if you had not jumped, for fear of interrupting fond lovers. I owe her one, for breaking up our conversation at its most tender period and causing you to lame your ankle. How is it, now?"

"Almost well, and you must forgive her; but was it not a good jump!"

"Too good by half. Don't try any more, for I am older than you, and when I follow, my bones creak with the strain," said I.

"Did you jump, too?" she exclaimed. "Well, I will be good hereafter, for I can't have you taking risks in your old age. I shall never jump to a conclusion again!"

She turned to me very seriously, a moment later, and said, "Phil, do you think you have given me time enough for those 'comparisons' that were to be so valuable in my new life here? To be sure I crowded all in I could. It was quite a round of gayety—but a week is a rather short time, isn't it, for my education in society?"

"It certainly is, and I ought to have thought of it, but it is too late now," I said, resignedly. "Have you revised your childish views about not going into society very deeply?"

"I like it in a *limited* way," she said demurely—"but hush! I see Jack and Ethel,

and they are pretending not to know we are here. They will sit outside there, if we seem not to see them; and talk for our benefit, I have no doubt.

"Yes," said Jack, sitting lazily down and lighting a cigar, "they *are* slow, very slow, as you were saying. Now we have been engaged, how long? Well, it doesn't matter—a good while—and these poor innocents haven't found it out yet. I wonder if *they* will ever be engaged?"

"They have tired me out," said Ethel. "Trying to help them is no use. Did you ever shoo hens, Jack?"

"I shoed a horse once, on a bet," said he, ruefully, "and still carry the scars."

"Shooing hens, is different," rejoined Ethel, gravely. "You have a nice little coop all ready for a couple of old hens, where they could be very comfortable; and you try to induce them to go into it. But they squawk and run, and you chase them everywhere to get them to enter where they belong and might be so happy. It is no use, they will go anywhere rather than to their own coop. It is exasperating!"

"Nonsense! We hardly fluttered! Did we, Phil?" exclaimed Philippa, into their ambush.

"Your head must be turned, Ethel, with the 'Puss in the corner' game that you tried to induce Phil to play in the conservatory. And

I will thank you not to speak of him as an old hen. It is neither dignified nor descriptive in any way," said Philippa, severely.

"O! what a demure little puss you were yourself, Philippa!" exclaimed Ethel, "to have been there all the time, without my knowing it. And did you hear what she called him, Jack? No longer 'Mr. Faulconer' but 'Phil!' I am not sure but it was '*dear* Phil.' How long have you been engaged, children? We must bless them, Jack. It is the usual thing for the old folks to do. But you are really too young, Philippa, to think of it, and though Phil is old enough, he develops so slowly."

"It is time that I hastened the process, then," answered Philippa; but Ethel caught her now in a great hug and then said to me, "I suppose you think, Phil, that *she* is good enough to eat, but there are others hungry for earthly food. Will you be kind enough to hint to your Phillis, or Philippa, that it is past the lunch hour and we would like to be invited in?"

Philippa laughed, and retorted, "I am sure Phil will find me 'not too good for human nature's daily food'—but of course you look at it differently, Ethel!" and led the way with me to the house. Ethel could not resist calling after us; "Thank you so much Phil, for your qualified endorsement of me to Jack, in London. I was equal to any one to be found '*almost* anywhere,' it seems. I

note the exception before me; and yet you knew me so much earlier."

"Jack has been telling tales," I answered, "but did he say what a commercial view he took of you? Very much as if you had been a block of shares on the Stock Exchange."

"Yes, it is the dear fellow's pretty, figurative way. He thinks I am literally as good as gold, another commodity on the exchange. But you must not slave too hard there, Jack," said Ethel, wilfully refusing to take my view.

"Jack is right about your being as good as gold, Ethel," said Philippa, "but you have one fault, dear—you will meddle between lovers. It is very dangerous, especially in a conservatory!"

"Meddle to help out a muddle, I never will again!" exclaimed Ethel. "There is no gratitude left in this world."

"If you will give us the whole of 'Si tu savais,' with the same dramatic fervor that you put into that line with which I was favored in the conservatory—all shall be forgiven, Ethel," I said, finally.

After lunch, Jack said that he had brought down a bottle of champagne on a bet with Ethel that we would be engaged on Philippa's birthday. Perhaps Ethel had forced things a little, to win. At any rate he was prepared to pay, and would propose the health of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Faulconer—to be.

It sounded so strange to Philippa, in that way, that she flushed slightly, but I rose quickly to propose a health to our good friends here and abroad, who had done their best to pave our way to happiness.

Philippa said there should be still another toast to Major, who first introduced us, and settled every difficulty as a mutual friend. At a signal from her, he barked approval.

It is wonderful how fast the news of an engagement travels. First, the good old Vicar, Mr. Harley, called. He laid his hand upon Philippa's head as if she was but a child still, saying, "I knew your grandparents, my dear, and I married your father and mother. From present indications, my services may again be required," he added, with a smile. "That is, if I continue to officiate, but it is doubtful if I hold the living beyond next month, so it may fall to my successor to unite you, my friends. Rest assured my heart will be with you always. I have known your family long, and had warm friendships with members of it who have passed away. I remember you, Philippa, when you were playing in this very room, and unconsciously consoling your father's grieving heart; for he loved your mother dearly, as you do and always will, Philip."

Turning to me, he said: "I heard from your father a little of what he so wisely planned. He called on me when here, and I enjoyed

his visit very much, recognizing those sterling qualities that I had known in others of the race.

Come and see me soon, and let me take you and Philippa over the old church, where there are some ancient Faulconer monuments and inscriptions that cannot fail to interest you both."

We promised to do so, and both of us had the same thought—that he was another link in the joining of our lives.

An allusion of his decided me to speak now to Philippa about a matter near to my heart, even in those early days of our engagement.

"When shall we be married?" I asked, and I thought the little conscious color which the question brought to her face, might indicate that the same subject had been considered by her.

"When would you like, Phil?" she said, with a pretty demureness that she knew always impelled a demonstration from me. After the demonstration, I answered, "If I did not know how self-reliant you are, and how tenaciously you hold to your convictions, I might think that your mind was a blank on this subject, ready for me to write upon. Suppose I am audacious enough, Philippa, to write 'this day month!' Remember, we can then have this good man's services to unite us, he who knew your father and mine, and who married your parents."

Philippa's reply was in a look that she liked to give me as a special comfort for my long waiting. It told the sweet story of perfect trust; and thus a desire to grant all I could wish.

"I never believed in long engagements, Phil!" she murmured, at least that was the smothered purport of what I heard.

"Really, dear, I can think of no good reason why we should wait. I wish it too," she said, half shyly, in a low voice; and then looking into my eyes with all her heart showing in her own, she added—"Phil, darling, I love you utterly, and we both know it. I cannot dissemble, nor put many pretty airs upon it; and it will fill me with joy to feel that you are my husband, because I can care for as well as love you.

You need care in many ways from me, as well as I from you.

It is a practical view, after all, you see.

I fear you will find me very practical and serious-minded for a young wife," she added, with a little dwelling on the last word, as if she liked it. She continued, presently—

"It would be very hard for us to put on the fiction of not caring for each other, that some married people affect. It is almost as bad as a cheap parade of affection in public. I shall never wear my heart upon my sleeve, Phil, but I am not ashamed of my love. It is not what I took you for, dearest."

"You will wear out a good many of *my* sleeves, I am well convinced," I said, "but tell me why you consider yourself so serious-minded. Of course I took you seriously, but—

"That must be it, Phil; I shall always be serious-minded in consequence. Think what a little owl I am, compared with Grace or Ethel, in sustaining badinage or repartee.

Perhaps I have not quite interest enough in it; though I do enjoy a funny situation; and Ethel's sallies always amuse me, if I cannot excel, myself. By the way, you must write Grace, now, for that theory of hers.

She wanted to help you, I think, Phil!" sagely concluded Philippa, with a merry sparkle dancing in her eyes.

"I have long wondered how much of Grace's conversation and mine, you thought had a bearing upon yourself," I answered; "but wait until I write my letter and you shall see my opinion of your course."

I wrote at once, as follows:

"DEAR MRS. CLEARFIELD:

Please send 'theory' at once. I think it is all right, but Philippa and I are both anxious to see it. The very dangerous habit of talking in a veiled way about a third person, even if she is but a child, has borne its usual fruit to you and me. Philippa more than half understood us—that you, for instance, desired to make me an object of at least some interest

to her; and that I wished you to have my heartfelt thanks for your help (with Mr. Clearfield on your mind, too!) We shall never forget your unselfish thought for us. We were both shy, as you know, and owe much to you and Major in helping us to our present happiness. A visitor is approaching the Lodge, laden with more congratulations, and I must close this and mail it. The different 'whys' and 'why nots' that you used to propound, can readily be answered by yourself, now.

Yours truly,

PHILIP FAULCONER."

"P. S. Phil has left room for me to add a line or two, dear Grace, just to tell you that I have found out the reason of his former preference for 'Mr. Faulconer.' It was a very good reason, I assure you. Phil is always good, and so I shall marry him in a month from now! I wish you could be here. I am so happy! and as I love you very much, I wish you to know of it from me. Tell Dr. Pell, that I sent him a long letter yesterday. I must know if it fails to reach him; for he will want to hear many things that I have tried to make clear, and I shall rewrite if necessary. A most determined-looking woman has now nearly reached the door, who is sure to have much on her mind for my good. I know I have your sympathy, and Phil is here to fall back on, if I am not able to defend my posi-

tion. He looks as if he foresaw a conflict, and was to remain for the present an amused spectator of my inexperienced warfare.

Your loving

PHILIPPA."

Mrs. Grant proved to be what the flippant youth of this day would call "a terror." Energy, aggressive virtue, and a desire to discharge every duty, were stamped upon her face, and evidenced even by her walk.

She advanced upon Philippa like a hen hawk swooping toward a chicken. "How old are you, child?" she demanded, before the ordinary civilities were hardly over.

I had been forewarned of some of Mrs. Grant's peculiarities, and knew that much allowance had to be made for sometimes unwarrantable questions, and proffers of advice—because she meant well, on the whole.

I did not know but Philippa would think herself back at school, and make a courtesy before answering; but she simply replied, "Just seventeen, Mrs. Grant."

"Too young, entirely too young," said Mrs. Grant, turning and looking fiercely at me, as if Philippa's age was my fault. "Your character has not had time to form, yet, and you don't know your own mind in such matters. You have a long engagement before you, now, and that is bad, except that you may find out your mistake in time. I mean no reflection on you, Mr. Faulconer, only it would have

been wiser to wait a few years, until this child had gained in experience, in opportunities for comparison, and general knowledge of the world. I feel strongly on this subject, and I speak strongly."

"It is well to have clear convictions, Mrs. Grant," I said, "and no doubt it is wise to voice them, sometimes." I now gave way for the real culprit to answer, which she did, with a sly hit at me.

"Philip had your ideas about opportunities for comparison, and gave me plenty of time for that, but I did not find any one that would at all compare with him! (giving an adoring glance of mischief at me). I agree with you, Mrs. Grant, about long engagements, and so we are to be married in a month."

The poor lady gasped something about "outrageous!" as she sank back in her chair, and fanned vigorously to refresh herself for a renewed attack.

"Do you know how to manage a household, and servants; anything about marketing, sewing, keeping accounts, your duties to the poor—anything of anything, child?" she asked in grand summary.

"I had to do about all the things you mention, when I was indeed but a child," answered Philippa, quietly; "and as we were poor ourselves, aunt and I, we had special opportunities for seeing the right and wrong methods applied among some that were

poorer. My aunt had to check officious and patronising people, sometimes, when they were too outrageous or meddling. There were angels of mercy, and there were people who worse than blundered in their thoughtlessness, or persistence in declaring that the poor, of necessity, had no judgment of their own."

"A good many of them *don't* know what is best for them" said Mrs. Grant, "but I am glad you have some knowledge of these things, and I shall want you to join several of our charitable organizations."

"You will have to excuse me for the present," said Philippa. "Aunt had about decided we were over-organized in our neighborhood, and advised me to look into things carefully before joining many projects; so I will wait a while, Mrs. Grant. I may not join any, but I shall not forget the poor; only we may differ in ways of helping them. Aunt used to say, that one of the best things to learn was respect for each other's differences of opinion, and methods of work."

"Your aunt must have been a strange woman," said Mrs. Grant.

"She was a good and wise one, and I loved her very dearly," replied Philippa, with much feeling, while a little color mounted to her face.

After Mrs. Grant had gone, Ethel came timorously to the doorway, and in much show

of alarm, said, "Were you awfully scolded, dear? I heard such peremptory tones from Mrs. Grant that I thought I must come to your help, even if you had been very bad; but Jack held me back. He is so strong. O, dear! here is another. Good-bye!"

The lady who now called, Miss Wheatleigh, was one whose kind and simple manners, gentle voice, and sweet, though rather sad face, were in striking contrast to our late visitor; who, whatever her virtues, lacked the graces to adorn them, and that best social quality, consideration for all alike. Miss Wheatleigh had this to perfection, with a foundation of sterling character and common sense.

She and Philippa were at once drawn to each other, and I was glad of such a friend and counsellor near us.

She made a long call, and in taking leave of Philippa, looked a little sadly and wistfully at her, as if old recollections were stirred; and after a pause, said, "I think you are right, dear, though it seems rather young to be married; but you have had more experience than most people of your years, and are more mature than many older. You have every right to happiness together now, without waiting the vicissitudes of time and chance. I loved and lost a dear one, forty years ago, and have always been thankful that no temporizing delay of either of us prevented our

union. It was in God's hands, not ours. Yes, you, my children, (if Mr. Faulconer will excuse the term as applied to him) are wise to join your fates now. I am not often so sentimental, but the starting forth of your young lives together, has awakened old memories. I met your father very pleasantly, Mr. Faulconer, on his visit here, and was much interested in his views on public questions. He had most just ideas on the excellencies and limitations of the two great branches of the English race. His illustrations of the conservative tendencies and prejudices of our insular life here, in making people opinionated at times—were varied with instances of recklessness and grandiloquence that occasionally come to the surface of your American life, in its wonderful, seething, nervous development. It is so much easier to be partisan than fair, that your father's treatment of all questions was most instructive and entertaining. I feel deeply for you in the loss of so good a father."

After this, Philippa and I were alone for some time, and she presently said—"I like Miss Wheatleigh. Her call has done me good; especially after our former caller's rather rude manners. She discomposed me just a little, though I am ashamed that it should have been so. Phil, dear, how nice it will be to have all the rights and dignities of a wife to defend myself with; though I suppose Mrs. Grant would say the rights will be few enough.

We have not yet talked of where we are to live, but of course it will be in America. Your father would have us there, I am sure, and so it shall be; but can we not visit this dear spot sometimes?"

"I will come here," I said, "on as frequent and long visits as you wish; in fact, every time you invite me. Mrs. Brown shall keep every thing ready for our arrival at any time. This has not troubled you I hope."

"Do I look troubled, Phil?"

I looked very closely, to be quite sure.

The house party was voted a great success by Philippa's guests.—"Notwithstanding that one dismal evening when Phil was bad!" as Ethel said.

Philippa turned to me just as Jack and Ethel were leaving, and said—"I suppose we might answer Ethel's questions, *now*."

"Certainly," I replied, and addressing Ethel, I gravely remarked—"She *is*!" while Philippa followed with—"He is *not*!"

Noticing how mystified Jack looked, Ethel laughed, and said—"They have just found time to answer questions which I asked on the steamer, several weeks ago. After mature consideration, Phil decides that Philippa *is* a 'dear little thing;' and Philippa concludes, finally, that Phil is not '*altogether* horrid.' They have been a long time debating these things, but it is comforting to hear from them even at so late a day."

She turned back and gave Philippa one last hug, with something besides fun in her eyes; seizing Jack's arm as if she had one comfort left, at least. "Goodbye, until the wedding!" they said.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIP AND PHILIPPA.

MARRIED.

"On the 1st inst., Mr. Philip Faulconer, of Faulconridge, New England, to Miss Philippa Faulconer, of Faulconridge, Sussex, only child of Sir Philip Faulconer, Kt., deceased. Both bride and groom descend, in tenth generation, from Sir Philip Faulconer, Kt., of Faulconridge, Sussex—1560-1645.

New York and Auckland papers please copy."

Yes, Philip and Philippa at last! We were married quietly in the old church of our ancestors, by Mr. Harley, whose incumbency would cease the very next day. We had a small reception at the Lodge. The venerable clergyman quoted with much feeling as he left us, "God, the best maker of all marriages, combine your hearts in one."

Ethel and Philippa tried to make a merry parting, and ended with a few tears. Ethel said hers were shed because I was so cruel as not to wait for the double wedding that she and Jack had proposed later.

Mrs. Brown drew Philippa to her bosom in a long embrace, and then we entered the carriage and were whirled away to the station.

I had her at last to myself, my wife now—my own!

"How strong that feeling of possession is with men. Particularly with *you*, I mean,

darling," added Philippa, rearranging some crumpled attire; "for I know you do not like to be included in a general remark, even. Why, I wonder? to quote Grace again."

I whispered two or three reasons, and suggested more, but those would answer for the present, she said.

I had secured a compartment to ourselves, and we sped along toward Devonshire for our honeymoon (if that old-fashioned term is still allowable) too happy for many words.

That was a fortnight ago—so the calendar said, but she had been mine always, my heart told me. Philippa admitted that we might have been united in a previous existence, and was firm in her belief that in a life beyond this we should still be near each other.

There was a wonderful agreement in our views on most subjects!

"It is so much easier to agree with you, Phil; and as you are generally right, I make a very good average, and save worry in trying to form decisions. In vital matters, you will be glad for my help, of course!"

We were now at lovely Lynton, in lodgings with Mrs. Larch, as the reader may have suspected; for it would have broken that good woman's heart if we had gone elsewhere. We had arrived by coach from Minehead some days before, and later would continue our journey to Clovelly, Penzance,

Torquay, the Isle of Wight, and so back to the Lodge; but we were in no hurry to leave our present abode.

I have called Lynton lovely, but that only faintly describes it. A fairer spot or one more resourceful for pleasant excursions, would be hard to find in England.

We had made many of these, and finally decided that a certain nook near (but not too near) the grand sea cliff pathway, should be our particular haunt. Sequestered itself, yet holding a magnificent view of ocean and coast line, there was no question that the selection reflected the greatest credit on Philippa, who had developed real genius in that direction, as I had just told her.

"I have developed a most extraordinary capacity for absorbing with the greatest complacency, my husband's praises of about everything I do, or say, or think," she replied, with a smile of content.

A little later, she said, "Is it selfish, Phil?" I looked at her glistening eyes, and lips that quivered as she finished her question—and knew as well what she meant as if she had explained it all.

"You mean, dear, this deep happiness that we both feel, and the drawing it so closely about us. Whether this exclusiveness is selfish—I presume was your thought," I said.

"I suppose we have a present right, at any rate," she sighed. "I know *you* have earned

it, in waiting till honour would let you speak—and it was so hard to wait, too! But when we come forth into the world again; as life goes on, what may we keep always, and what must be sacrificed for the good of that world, Phil?"

"We are agreed, that for the present we are within our rights, at least, Philippa; and is it not a wonderfully sensible custom, sanctioned by long usage and founded in great wisdom—this blessed retiracy of two! It furthers a more intimate acquaintance of each other's real character, and shows them gradually, how they may best take up the burdens of life in mutual helpfulness. The scoffers and carpers call it a fit time for repentance, but they are a poor folk, who sting themselves worst, in trying to reach humanity with their darts. Now as to the other part, the coming forth again into the world. If we have loved aright, Philippa, must it not be true, that a mighty desire is within us to help humanity all we can? All the world loves a lover—and it looks charitably and in much kindness upon the retirement of lovers, in their first life together. The least the lovers can do then, as they come forth, is to help the old world, and all that are struggling, striving, groping and falling, in this little span of life. Help to a worthy goal. Perhaps the best measure of what real love truly is, may be found in the spirit with which the world is re-entered. I

know your love has made me a better man, with higher hopes, and I am content."

"And I, too," said Philippa, as she kissed me. "I felt that there could not really be anything to give up, and now I am sure of it."

We found it hard to leave Lynton, where days of quiet delight passed away so quickly that we wondered at the lapse of time. How endeared it was, and always would be to us; the walk by the cliffs along the coast, the glens below at Lynmouth, and all those little nooks and crannies that Philippa's genius found.

"If I had not known you, Philippa, as something far different, I might think you secretive by nature," I said.

"Yes, my face told you finally—with Major's assistance!" she replied.

"I am convinced that you say these things for the resultant penalties," said I, very gravely.

"You shall not deter me by exacting them!" she exclaimed. "It is one of my new rights."

"One of the most entertaining things I ever witnessed," I answered, "has been the pretty assumptions of the newly-wed—woman. She is so unconscious of them that it is delicious. In a suprisingly short time after she has left the church—with such shy, almost pleading looks toward her new protector— a transformation takes place. You meet the happy pair a week later, and proprietorship, matronly dignity, and entire confidence of

capacity to manage new responsibilities, are indelibly marked upon her pretty face. An assured feeling *pervades* her. Why is it, Philippa?"

"This deserves serious consideration," she answered. "You are either upon the brink of a great discovery, or else you have belied this impersonal bride sadly. I will tell you my conclusion when I can arrive at one, and now, as your cigar is finished, shall we go in?"

As I turned toward Mrs. Larch's room, a few minutes later, to deliver her a message, a voice floated very gently down from the stairs, which Philippa was mounting.

"I have arrived at a conclusion—Mr. Faulconer!"

"A tabooed word!" I exclaimed, " and deserves a penalty, which shall be exacted presently."

The laughing face that had looked over the banister a moment, withdrew, quite undismayed at this threat.

Clovelly is like Venice, in its unique position of having no counterpart.

There could not be greater unlikeness otherwise; for Venice has water pathways, while Clovelly's lanes are so hard and steep that only men and donkeys can climb them in the business of life.

We took the Hobby Drive, or walked it, and that other delightful ramble to Gallantry

Bower, both charming excursions, as all know whose good fortune it has been to make them.

Philippa was bubbling over with high spirits on that perfect day which greeted us for the Hobby Drive, or "*Hubby*" Drive as the urchin called it, who started us upon our way.

"Do you suppose, Phil, that he could have meant any thing, under that innocently-impassive face of his?"

"I think it hardly likely in one so young," I answered. "He would respect my years, at least, and I think he had the impression that I was your father, or uncle, from the contrast between my age and gravity, and your youth and liveliness."

"Now, Phil," she protested, "don't get that idea of discrepancy in years into your head, or I shall put on a cap and take to knitting socks! I have done the last, in my time. How do you like that expression, fellow ancient? Really, ten years is just the right difference; especially as you have developed so slowly, according to Ethel."

"You are bound to make me out quite equal to that drummer's goods on the steamer. He styled them 'perfection brand,' but have you not heard already from ladies of great experience that there is grave danger of spoiling a man in that way?"

"I suppose *their* kind spoiled," said Philippa, "and I am sorry for them; but I shall keep on to prove that *you* can't be."

Penzance has its coast excursions, Land's End, St. Michael's Mount, and quaint fishing hamlets, and it also has some lovely inland walks—pathways across fields and through woods, with an abundance of solid stone stiles, which you may use by ancient custom to go where you will.

With a local guide book we traced out and followed many of these country paths, sometimes losing sight of the sea, and again gaining a glimpse. Our lodgings were on Morab Terrace, and that reminds me of how greatly pleased we were with this essentially English method of caring for travellers.

We had a bedroom and adjoining sitting room, where our meals were served by a deft little maid at such hours as we desired.

The bill was made out for the rooms on our departure, at whatever price previously agreed on, and at the same time an itemized account was rendered of all purchases that the landlady had made on our behalf.

It was charming to see Philippa's housewifely and methodical planning for the next day's meal, as she took pencil and paper to make out a memorandum over night for Mrs. Dale's convenience.

"For breakfast, strawberries and cream, toast, soft boiled eggs and coffee. For dinner, a pound of salmon, (you like it so, Phil) green peas; and Devonshire junket with clotted cream, afterward; I nearly forgot

potatoes and egg sauce. For supper we will have toast again, bread and milk (just like children!) prunes and cake. There, Phil! Have I not planned it well? Have you any emendations, corrections or additions, before I give it to Mrs. Dale?"

"A slight addition," said I, reaching the door barely ahead of her—"I am hungry!"

"What, again, Phil! Well, quietly then, for I think the maid has a 'theory' about us, also, and she might overhear. Where is my slip? I declare, I left it on the table, after all, when I rushed to the door."

"It is my opinion," said I, "that you left it as an excuse for a return, if you reached the door first!"

"Talk of a *bride's* assumption after that! Well, Phil, upon compulsion, and as I *must* go now, I admit it. It was very nice of you, dear, to whisper that last thing, instead of shouting. I told Mrs. Dale that we were quiet, domestic people!" and she vanished with her memorandum.

Torquay, a drive over breezy Dartmoor, and later, Ventnor, at "dear Isle of Wight" as Philippa called it, and then home to the Lodge.

I might have left the bride at the church door and concluded my story with the stereotyped assurance that we were happy ever after; but this has always seemed too abrupt a leave-taking to me; and having followed us so far, I shall ask the reader to keep a little

longer in our company, if it has not grown wearisome.

It must already have become so to those whose temperament is so unfortunately made up, that they can see little of interest in a heroine who does not give abundant evidence of the foibles, inconsistencies, and shallows, that belong, we are told, to even the most charming of the sex.

There are other more fortunate experiences, nevertheless, and this is one of them.

Mrs. Brown handed me a letter, after our greetings were over, and I saw by the post-mark that Mrs. Clearfield's promised communication had arrived. After hearty congratulations, serious advice as to our future and special messages to Philippa, she ended thus,—"'The 'theory' that you ask for, might almost be called a prophecy, and its fulfillment so quickly is really wonderful. I give it just as I wrote it out on the steamer, before I had seen Philippa, and when I was a shy, untutored girl myself, according to you and Tom. I wonder at my own prescience."

ON S. S. PROSAIC.

(Miss Mitchell's Theory Concerning Mr. Faulconer.)

I do not know whether this will ever be seen of man, but I feel impelled to write down my impressions, my theory, of Mr. Faulconer. I only know that he has lost a

dear father, and is performing a filial duty for him and at his request, in the endeavor to find a distant cousin and establish her in the ancient ancestral home in England. It is a romantic errand, at an impressionable age, and undertaken by one whose heart has been saddened and softened by a great sorrow—that could best be comforted by woman's love, if that is yet unknown.

He is evidently fancy-free, unless the image of this unknown cousin haunts him. It would not be strange if this were so. He is evidently unappreciative of the charms about him on the steamer, though sedulously polite to all. He is interested in me as a safe subject from whom some lessons may be drawn, and I think really likes me as a friend. I have decided that he is in love with his cousin Philippa; as much as a man can be with one unseen.

P. S. Observations previous to their departure from Auckland, convince me that Philip and Philippa are desperately in love with each other. *One year will tell.*

"By the expression 'one year will tell,' I meant in a sententious and forcible way to state my belief that you would be *engaged* by that time, not married, rash children!

However, it is done, and I give you my blessing. I suppose that Mr. Faulconer felt uncertain of the result of his suit, without Major. It is the first time on record, I think,

where a mutual friend has done any good, in such a delicate case.

Tom joins me in a great deal of love to you both, all we can spare from each other.

Faithfully Yours,

GRACE CLEARFIELD."

"Yes," said Philippa thoughtfully, after a moment's pause, "she was indeed a faithful friend to both of us, in doing what she could to make us read aright our own hearts. I am glad she, too, is happy in her husband. We have been very fortunate in our friends. A few true-hearted ones are worth a whole ball room of mere acquaintances. Do you realize, Phil, that I have not been to a ball, or even to a great party, yet? I never really 'came out,' you know. Think what I have missed, that is so much to many. There are compensations, though. Perhaps if I had cared a great deal for such things, I should not have cared much for you. Imagine it!"

"I do not wish to be disobliging, but I refuse," said I. I was rewarded at once for my first refusal to Philippa.

"Look!" she exclaimed, a moment later—"there is your 'omen,' ready to welcome us home. I shall never love any other bird as I do the robin red breast—and I almost think I *did* send that message by him from Auckland!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MY FAULCONRIDGE.

"I am going to give you a new sensation, Phil!"

As I was at that very time but just released from the loving embrace that Philippa was wont to give me, when parting for even short intervals — I answered, "The recent manifestation is eminently satisfactory, but 'thou art a creature of infinite variety'—what is the new one to be?"

"You don't think I am *too* demonstrative, do you, dear? You know we waited so long — ages, it seemed to me, and oh Phil, do you know one reason why I clasp you so close when you are about to leave me? It is because I remember, sometimes, that day when you were struggling for the baby's life, in Como; and the same pang shoots through my heart now, that did then—the dread of losing you. How fervently I thanked God on your return, as I do still dear, oftener than you know. You are going now to London for three whole days, and I cannot be with you, for my work will be required here as yours will be there, in preparing for the voyage home to America. I am learning to call that home, you see, dear. The new sensation is simply a letter; the first one from your *wife*. I shall mail it tomorrow night."

"That will be a comfort to me, certainly, Philippa, for I shall have a lonely time without you, especially after the day's work is done, and I reach my lodgings at night."

"Do take care of yourself, Phil. One more! Good bye, dearest," and as the blessing of my life was left behind, it seemed like the sunlight withdrawn.

We were to sail in a week, and as it chanced, in the "Servia," which quite delighted Philippa. "I must write Grace," she had said. "She told me about your type-setting, and how discerning you were for a man not yet engaged! Grace had a great idea, before she was married, about the general enlightening effect of an engagement. I suppose she regards marriage now as a success in further enlightenment."

I worked hard in London in finishing up those odds and ends that seem small matters, but are really important, and take time for their disposal.

The evenings were the loneliest times to me, as I had foreseen. It was wonderful how vital Philippa's presence had become to me. I felt lost without her. I could almost fancy her light step was approaching now, and that her arms would be thrown around my neck and her lips pressed to mine. There *was* a step, but it was the heavy one of the post man—with a letter!

How I turned the missive over and read and reread the very plain and simple direction.

"Mr. Philip Faulconer,
Montague Place,
(Near British Museum),
London."

I opened it finally—and read,

"My Darling Phil:

'There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a,'
There's little pleasure in the house
When *my* gudeman's awa'.

I have changed one word, you see.

Lonesome does not half express my state. The first night, after lighting the candle, I did what you would never believe of me if I did not confess it. I looked under the bed, to make sure no one was there! Isn't it odd that your 'self reliant' wife, as you have called me, a matron (which am I, British or American?) should do this in England when it never occurred to me as a girl in New Zealand?

I laughed, myself, when safe in bed, partly at that and partly in remembering a story of Ethel's; about the man (newly wed) so very fond of his wife, that he got up in the middle of the night and lit a candle to look at her! Were you stumbling around for that, dear, the other night? If so, the knock you gave your toe, drove it out of your mind, judging by your ill-suppressed exclamation!

You remember I quoted appositely,

'His very *foot* has music in't
As he comes up the stairs!'

Was it my fancy that you were not quite so appreciative of my quotations as sometimes?

Well, you can apply it now, dear, to the postman who brings this letter to you! I know I have not addressed it right, but I could not surely remember the number, so I said, 'near British Museum;' for you told me there was another Montague Place, and it would be too bad for you not to get this, and terrible if some one else should get it and be so wicked as to read it.

I had a call from Jack and Ethel yesterday, and took them immediately into the conservatory and sat them down facing me. 'Now,' said I, 'if you are both repentant, and promise to be good hereafter, I will forgive you on behalf of Phil and myself, for your joint conspiracy—particularly your part, Ethel, right in this very room!'

Ethel sighed and said, 'Yes, this was the room, the very chair he sat in — excuse my emotion, dear, but Phil and I were children together, and there were passages in our early life' —

'There was no passage *out* for me!' I interrupted, 'for the door was locked and I had to jump from the window across the moat.'

'Gad!' said Jack, 'let me see!' and then

gave a long whistle as he looked quizzically back from the window to me.

'You did not think it was in me! did you Jack?' I said.

Ethel meanwhile was convulsed with laughter and implored Jack to hold her. 'It is too funny!' she exclaimed at length. 'Philippa stayed just long enough to hear my sweetly sad words, and to hear part of the silence, as Paddy said, and then she jumped. I don't wonder that Phil looked savage enough to choke me, and I got no receipt for caramels of course. Jack, are you holding me? Thank you, dear, I could hardly tell.

Where is the receipt, Philippa? Did he not leave it for me?'

'You were to have it on one condition' I answered, 'and that was imperative, so of course I must obey in a proper wifely spirit.'

'How she has changed, Jack,' said Ethel sadly — 'but what is the condition? You can't mean that he wants a kiss first! There might have been a time — but all that is past,' she murmured, again relapsing into a reminiscent state.

'Yes' said I, 'it *is* past and I will attend to the kissing, my dear. Phil is very good about instructing me in that. The condition is simply that you and Jack shall be married soon enough to attend our international house warming.'

'When, where, and what is that, Philippa?'

'September 10th, Faulconridge, in America; friends from England and New Zealand invited to meet a few American friends,' I replied. 'Mr. and Mrs. Clearfield will be there on the way to see his family, and you and Jack *must* come.'

'Can we hasten the date of our union enough for this, Jack?' said Ethel, with a successful imitation of the shy and timid bride-elect. 'It is very international, and such things bind countries together. It may prevent war!' she concluded.

'There will be war if you *don't*,' said I, 'and here is the receipt, besides a box of caramels that I made for you; though you don't deserve them!'

She was decorous and subdued after that, and so they are coming, besides Grace and her husband.

They were very desirous that I should go to the ball with them, which you also spoke of, and I finally agreed to be ready when they called. So their carriage stopped for me that same evening, and I have rounded out my society education with this rather late 'opportunity for comparison.'

I suppose it was a very grand affair, and a needed experience, etc. Ethel was radiantly happy, and exclaimed 'Heavenly!' once, as she sailed up to me after a waltz with Jack. I pretended great pity for his lonely state at the time of the next ball, which comes in a

fortnight; while he is away in Scotland on business.

'Poor Jack in smoky Glasgow, while you, Ethel, are waltzing with some callow lordling, or dashing young officer. I can seem to hear Jack quote,

"Perhaps she's dancing somewhere now!
The thoughts of light and music make
Sharp jealousies, that grow and grow,
Till silence and the darkness ache."'

She made a little grimace and said, 'I have not much more time. I shan't dance after I am married.'

I am glad to have been to my one great ball, though confirmed in my opinion that I should never care much for such affairs—while readily allowing that there may often be much rational pleasure possible to many a bright young girl, with plenty of partners. The heartburnings and jealousies that are sometimes engendered, I choose to consider as exceptional; and certainly only one painful case came to my notice—a well known one. It was that of a woman, still very handsome, who, not content with having sold herself to unworthiness for a fortune and title; now aims to instil the monstrous and revolting idea into her daughter's heart—that only money and rank are worth while.

Do you wonder that with my life's happiness secure, my heart went out to this poor young girl, and that the fear crept over me

that she, too, might grow hard and unbelieving after a few seasons in the false atmosphere that her mother surrounds her with. It is too hideous a thought to entertain, and I cannot help feeling that there is something about the daughter that shows she is intended for better things.

I can hardly trust myself to speak with patience of the mother. She has kept herself immaculate (if it can be called so), because her love of admiration is a little stronger than the passion she pretends for the favored adorers who dangle about her. I deem her little better than the frail creature that you drew me from instinctively, in the London streets, one evening. Perhaps that waif was even less blameworthy, if all were known.

But a page is enough for this exceptional instance of cruel worldliness. To think that a whole play or novel is often written with the interest centering on such an unworthy model, and libel on true womanhood!

How I have run on, but I must close now, for this mail, without telling you anything about the pile of work I have done—so as to be ready to attend to you on your return. Good bye, *darling*. (How does it look in *writing*!)

Your own

PHILIPPA."

"It is *so* lonesome. Did I say it before?"

I arrived at the Lodge a few hours earlier

than I had expected to reach there; and it is wonderful how much we made of this saving.

"It is so much taken from time," said Philippa, after we had greeted each other as eagerly as if we had met after a long voyage.

"I just existed day-times, Phil; but it was at night I missed you most."

We made our last calls on Miss Wheatleigh, Mr. Harley, and the new incumbent, Mr. Greenwood, etc.—and as to Major, it was decided he should go with us to America, so there was no leave-taking for him.

Our voyage was a speedy one for those days, though the "Servia" has since been outclassed by the mammoth racers that have more recently been created.

As we neared my own Faulconridge, Philippa's eyes danced with expectancy—anticipations of what the new home would bring to her life.

When the house came in full view, at last, she started up from her seat with surprised delight.

"Why, Phil, it is the exact image of the old house that was burned! Is your father's hand in this, too? How did he manage to copy it so nearly?"

She was very quiet in her happiness at this unexpected revelation, saying little until we had reached my father's room, as the study used to be called.

She came to my arms then—a way she had

learned of showing her deep content—and simply murmured "You old darling!"

"I have expected this," I said—"age and experience will make their mark finally, and you now admit what I have long known must become apparent—my maturity, we will call it."

I then continued more seriously: "This one secret about the house, has been hard enough to keep, but it has seemed almost as if it was my father's surprise for you.

You never knew quite all his hope for you and myself. There was no trust involved, but if our hearts inclined, it would fill him with content could he know it. I believe he does know it, now. His words to me were simply these: 'Seek her out, Phil, when I am gone, and see that she needs for nothing. If it should prove that you need each other most of all, then the Faulconer branches shall unite again.'"

"We *did* need each other," whispered Philippa, with her true heart looking love unutterable out of tearful eyes.

I clasped her to me in silence. At length I said, "That is my father's portrait, Philippa."

She followed my glance, and quickly turning to me again, exclaimed—"You are very like him Phil. I knew it would be so."

She was much interested in the miniatures of my own long line of ancestors, and the copies of hers that my father had secured, reaching uninterruptedly back.

"His kindness again," she said, "for I believe he thought it might content me somewhat to have them here. I do like it, though having you is enough—it is all."

Philippa soon grew accustomed to her new home. Our friends, if few, were tried ones and true; and our list of acquaintances was large. We had many calls from the latter at first, and I was amused one day when Philippa came to me and summarized somewhat, for my edification.

"I am learning so much," she said, with a twinkle in her eye—"or rather learning that I know so little, and beginning dimly to see opportunities that must be seized if these people are right. Shall I join *everything*, Phil!" she said rather dubiously. "I am told I must do this and that, with such specific and particular reasons why. Most of them are what are called 'clear duties.' Duty to myself, to society, to the poor, to education, to the church, to woman, to man—no, not to man generally, for I am told sad stories of man in the abstract, Phil—but there are societies to help classes of men, bad as you are collectively. I hear a good deal about our modern life being complex—and about 'altered conditions' etc., so that I really begin to feel rather old-fashioned as well as bewildered. These people seemed very 'stimulated,' as one of them called it; and many of them were tired as well as tiresome—and I could not help thinking that

some of them were making life much more complex than it need be, and were trying to alter some conditions that are quite natural. I like your *real* friends much better; they are more reposeful, and dignified without assumption, and it is so pleasant to be really credited with having thought out a few things, oneself. The honest, kindly, unassuming people, who are blessed with common sense, *wear* so well, in the long run, as you said the other day, Phil. I get a little tired of the faddists, and superficially bright, intense people, and worst of all, what your father called social climbers—climbing on such unworthy props and landing nowhere—for there is no rest nor contentment for those who cannot feel in their hearts that 'worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.'"

"Now for a concrete example, Philippa, illustrative of some of these types. Who was your caller, today?"

"Mrs. Rouser," she answered—"who has the patriotic societies on her mind. She is a Daughter of the Revolution, Colonial Dame, Mayflower Descendant—and something of the War of 1812 and Mexican War, I believe. They keep alive glorious deeds of the past, stimulate flagging patriotism—and are of great benefit socially, Mrs. Rouser assures me! You want me to be benefited socially, don't you, Phil? She said it was all—'so interesting, quite fascinating, and places one in such

pleasant social relations, you know'—but when I asked her some specific question, she glided off into generalities—winding up with the same terms: 'Yes, facinating, my dear, and socially, so nice.' I don't believe she really knows much about these things," concluded Philippa, incredulously.

"Very likely not," said I, laughing—"but she is only one type of those who join. There are many who think they can best work in associated effort, and do work very hard. Then others have their attention aroused, and a real interest excited in matters of which all should have some knowledge. So far as the matter is a genealogical one, it has always seemed to me decent as well as proper, to have as clear a record as possible of one's ancestors. There is a cheap pretense of not caring, as well as foolish vanity in aspiring for notable ancestors. The wise course is to trace all ancestors faithfully, good or bad, great or humble; affording finally, a record—if arranged in proper chart form, with notes—that cannot fail to interest on a great many sides of life. Curious puzzles of relationship at last untangled—illustrations of weak natures helped by stronger mating—romantic episodes surely appearing (like Godfrey's quest, and mine of you, Philippa)—all these go to make, what your caller said (more truly than she knew) was a 'fascinating study.'"

"I am glad our record was preserved,"

said Philippa. "How strangely we came together through it! How alone in the world, till then."

A little later she broke into a merry laugh, and said: "What a weapon I have innocently put into Mrs. Rouser's hands, by my inattention to details when she was here. It is too absurd! Of course I cannot be a dame, daughter, or anything else, for I am not American born, and your ancestors and mine were fighting each other to their heart's content, only a few generations ago! I must have become so absorbed in your identity, Phil, as actually to have dreamed that I was born here!

When Mrs. Rouser learns that I am a Briton born, she will have her opinion of my apparent deceitfulness. 'She did not take the pains to undeceive me,' she will declare. I shall be considered an enemy of this grand, free, delightful country, that I so love for itself—and more for you, Phil. But my international party must set that right. It will soon be time for it.

Phil, dear, regarding this matter of joining things, I am going to defer it mostly, and only take on outside responsibilities after mature deliberation as to what are best. Meanwhile, I will keep your home as bright and cheerful as I can—trusting that we both will never forget to brighten others, as we are able. As to my housekeeping, you know I

would never be a slattern, nor do I mean to worry you and myself by being an oppressive and fussy drudge. The house would not have the brightness and cheer I have promised, if I was."

CHAPTER XV.

INTERNATIONAL.

They came, as agreed, and what delightful days we had together, "we six young married people," as Philippa called us—with "a fine inclusive complacency," Grace said; while Ethel declared it was the usual sublime assurance of the very young bride, who ever has small respect for her maturer sisters. "Not that we are at all old, my dear," said Ethel, "but you are such a mere child. You *know* you would not listen to reason. She would hardly wait a day, Grace, and though I was engaged long before, Philippa had the audacity to be married first."

"You were so deliberate, Ethel!" quietly rejoined Philippa. "They *are* slow, very slow!" she murmured, quoting Jack's words that were launched at us in the arbor a few weeks before.

Besides pleasant gatherings within doors which served to introduce our old friends to these new and dear ones; there was a great deal to occupy us in the open air.

We went riding, rowing, sailing, bathing even, though it was a little late for that, and the water so cold that Ethel said, "If we stay much longer with you, Phil, skating will be added to our festivities." I took Tom and

Jack off to New York for a day or two, that they might see the metropolis, and at the same time give the ladies a chance to rest from "the constant whirl Phil has kept us in," Ethel said.

"I am *not* slow or poky, then, as you once declared"—I remarked.

Philippa said, "I suppose Phil thinks we shall like to talk it all over, while they are gone to New York. 'Opportunity for comparison'—of views," she added, looking at me with demure significance.

It had been agreed that on our return from New York we should find our "consorts," as Tom formally called them, awaiting us at the "Perch."

This was a rock overhanging the sea at a point commanding a magnificent view, though itself properly secluded. It had long been a favorite spot of mine and had received Philippa's immediate approval on her early inspection of the cliff walks with me. She had given it the name of "Perch," laughingly, and so we all called it; Ethel insisting that it was especially appropriate in view of her early simile on our contrary and vexatious course. "If you had asked me, I suppose I should have named it the 'Coop'—but Perch will answer. You will always remember what my opinion was of your first tardy footsteps, and how I grew vexed and weary in my unappreciated efforts to aid you."

We arrived at the trysting place, a little ahead of the time set, and came upon as pretty a picture as fond lover or husband could imagine, as we made the last turn of the path.

It was an unstudied, perfectly unconscious one, for the moment that we saw them, ere they became aware of our presence. Grace, a little the tallest, and most commanding figure, darkest in hair and complexion—Ethel, a pronounced blonde, with the tinge of auburn in her hair that artists delight in—while Philippa; but all my readers know Philippa!

She was the first to discover us, and Grace the first to speak, as she rose in mock ceremony, saying, "Attend our liege lords!"

Jack pretended to be overpowered by such an array of beauty, massed in solid phalanx, and hoped we did not intrude by coming so early.

Ethel reassured him, and quoted finely for the benefit of all of us, she said, (though Jack murmured, "'Don't be *too* inclusive.')

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!"

We were all very glad to be together again, without much attempt to disguise the fact. After talking matters over at considerable length in comparing experiences; Ethel said, in a promising interval for gaining my atten-

tion—"Phil, we have all had a week of solid enjoyment, besides a day or two of serious instruction for the gentlemen, in New York, under your guiding hand; but there are just two things more that I still long for — a base ball game, and a clambake — both distinctly American institutions, that some of the Internationals know nothing about."

"Then," said I, "it is time they came out of such ignorance into the light.

We will go at once to Boston and see the home club play New York, and we will celebrate tomorrow with a clambake in out orchard, whoever wins."

So to Boston we went that same afternoon, getting to our seats just before the first inning; and Ethel and I were kept busy explaining different plays for the next hour or so. Philippa got quite an idea of the game before it was through, and entered thoroughly into the spirit of it.

"If that coming enfranchisement of women brings them into the baseball field, Ethel, what position would you advise me to take?" she said, on the way home.

"Catcher! by all means," answered Ethel promptly. "You certainly have shown an ability in that direction already; but Phil, don't let her join—for she would be sure to try for a home run on the least bit of a hit, if you were anywhere in sight!"

Philippa did not deny the possibility of her

taking some chances. "I was counted a very good runner at school," she said.

"I will testify to your *jumping*!" said Jack, "for I measured the moat where you took your flying leap for liberty, from the conservatory window."

"What recollections you have stirred within me," I exclaimed—"It was there that Ethel reminded me of our early days together."

"I think it is wicked of you, Phil, when I worked so unselfishly for both of you, too! What is the penalty for arson, Jack?"

"There is no specific one. I am exacting penalties all the time; but the flame you have kindled in this heart can never be quenched," he answered fervently.

"I was thinking of burning that wretched conservatory, that is all," she said, with deep feeling. "There has been such ingratitude shown at my endeavors there, that I will gladly promise to stand by you, Grace, in any subsequent proceedings, if you will apply the match when you visit the Lodge in returning to your home."

"I refuse to be brought into this painful case, in any way," replied Grace; "I consider my interests better conserved, so to speak, without entering that fateful place, except for the one specific purpose of viewing the moat from the window. I had my own troubles in launching Philip and Philippa, but

when I had seen them safely into the steamer my duty ended."

The clambake was a great success and all did full justice to what was a novelty to most.

As the pyramid of shells grew higher and higher by their plates, I told them what the fastidious youth—new to this kind of banquet—said to his entertainers, as he saw gloves come off and fair fingers open the shells and drop the delicious bivalves between ruby lips; "Do *ladies* do *that*?"

Jack had a second inspiration of a sentimental sort, all the more creditable because he had eaten so heartily.

He murmured something aside to Tom and me, about our triple good fortune in having secured such jolly, sensible, true-hearted wives—and I suppose an introspective look must have followed my assent—as I was debating a suitable toast to embody his fine idea—for Grace said; "Philippa, an exceptionally good opportunity for study of your husband in a long voyage together, induces a belief that the lack of speculation in his eyes betokens a speech."

"You are right," I answered, "my earliest mentor in affairs of the heart," turning toward Grace — although Ethel exclaimed reproachfully, "Oh, how can you, Phil! Not the *earliest*!"

I continued, unmoved by this appeal— "The toast I now propose is an old one, in

which we gentlemen pledge the fair ones present with us—'The ladies, God bless them,' having particular reference to those into whose eyes we have looked, for this pleasant week here together—each so fair, so sweet, so true, that if ever dispute could arise among us three, it would be as to which was the most fortunate in Heaven's disposal of the special gift."

After a short pause—Grace spoke. "As I am the eldest, the Dean, so to speak, of the woman's section of this international college —where we have learned so much, under such pleasant teachers—I must respond for my sisters and myself. I can only say in the words of that best interpreter of human hearts—'Down on your knees, and thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love!'—only changing the fasting to feasting. As to our prayers, you shall indeed have them so long as we prize honor, truth, and constancy in man."

More merriment followed, but glistening eyes were not quite concealed by it. A spirit of devout thankfulness pervaded our deep happiness, and as I glanced at my companions, I quoted, mentally,

> "He is the half part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such as she;
> And she a fair divided excellence,
> Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

The day came all too soon when we must

part with our guests. Jack's last words were, "Tell all your friends, the country is safe—for the international agreement forbids war!" Ethel said, sadly, "I forgive you both—you dears!" Grace called back, "It was a wonderful theory! and has proved so practical, too!" Tom had not much chance left, but I heard him murmur, as he looked admiringly at his wife—"And so lately shy and unformed!" while he made up in his hearty hand-shake for what others had denied him in speech.

Philippa and I felt a measure of loneliness on their departure—"Not for ourselves, dear," she said—"only somehow for them, in going so far away. Oh Phil, my darling, I never felt more strongly than tonight, how good God has been in bringing us together. Do you know how much I love you?"

"The same lines come to my mind now, that were there just before I met you in the park at Auckland, Philippa. Remember, I had not seen you then, but the love in my heart was reaching out for you, or those words could not have been so true to me.

'Ask me not why I should love her,
Look upon these soulful eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast
Which is of innocence the nest.
Which, though each joy were from it shed
By truth would still be tenanted!

See from those sweet windows peeping,
Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping,
Every trial can endure !
Wonder not that looks so winning,
Still for me new ties are spinning,
Wonder not that heart so true,
Keeps mine from ever changing too ! "

She looked at me, as I concluded, as if she would be far more to my life than those lines expressed.

"It shall be Philip and Philippa always, darling," I said, "here and hereafter in Heaven."

"I believe it, Phil, dearest," she gently whispered, as she came to my arms with her eyes full of love, and pressed her lips to mine.

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